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STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON

PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES
BY THE STATE OF TENNESSEE

1928

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MAJOR·GENERAL
ANDREW JACKSON
OF TENNESSEE
SEVENTH·PRESIDENT
OF·THE·UNITED·STATES
1829 1837
HERO·OF·THE·BATTLE
OF·NEW-ORLEANS
JANUARY·EIGHTH·1815

STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON
PLACED IN THE CAPITOL OF
THE UNITED STATES BY THE
STATE OF TENNESSEE

70th Congress, 1st Session—House Document No. 430

Acceptance and Unveiling of the Statue of Andrew Jackson

Seventh President of the United States

Presented by the State of Tennessee

Proceedings in Congress
and in Statuary Hall

Milligan College Library
Milligan College, Tennessee

United States
Government Printing Office
Washington : 1929

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HOUSE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION No. 33

PRESENTED BY MR. GARRETT OF TENNESSEE

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That there be printed and bound, with illustrations, the proceedings in Congress, together with the proceedings at the unveiling in Statuary Hall, upon the acceptance of the statue of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States, presented by the State of Tennessee, 10,000 copies, of which 2,000 shall be for the use of the Senate and 5,000 for the use of the House of Representatives, and the remaining 3,000 copies shall be for the use and distribution of the Senators and Representatives in Congress from the State of Tennessee.

The Joint Committee on Printing is hereby authorized to have the copy prepared for the Public Printer, who shall provide suitable illustrations to be bound with these proceedings.

ADOPTED MAY 9, 1928.

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PRELIMINARY PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1928

Mr. BYRNS. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following concurrent resolution and ask unanimous consent for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read as follows:

HOUSE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION 29

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That the statue of Andrew Jackson by Mrs. Belle Kinney Scholz, presented by the State of Tennessee, to be placed in Statuary Hall, is accepted in the name of the United States, and that the thanks of Congress be tendered the State for the contribution of the statue of one of its most eminent citizens, illustrious for his distinguished services to the country in war and in peace.

Second. That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed and duly authenticated, be transmitted to the Governor of Tennessee.

Mr. SNELL. I would like to ask the gentleman from Tennessee if that is the usual resolution passed in such cases?

Mr. BYRNS. I will say that in some instances no resolution is passed, but in most instances resolutions are passed, and this is in the usual form.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

The resolution was agreed to.

IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE

MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1928

Mr. TYSON. On behalf of my colleague [Mr. MCKELLAR] and myself, I submit a resolution which I ask to have read.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The clerk will read the resolution.

The Chief Clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 192), as follows:

Resolved, That at 3 o'clock on April 16, 1928, exercises appropriate to the reception and acceptance from the State of Tennessee of the statue of Andrew Jackson, a former President of the United States, erected in Statuary Hall in the Capitol, be made the special order of the Senate.

Mr. TYSON. I ask unanimous consent for the present consideration of the resolution.

Mr. CURTIS. What is the hour and the day named?

Mr. MCKELLAR. Three o'clock on Monday.

Mr. TYSON. At 3 o'clock on Monday, April 16.

Mr. CURTIS. A week from to-day?

Mr. MCKELLAR. Yes; on Monday, April 16, at 3 o'clock.

The VICE PRESIDENT. Is there objection?

The resolution was considered by unanimous consent and agreed to.

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1928

The VICE PRESIDENT. The hour of 3 o'clock having arrived, the clerk will read Senate Resolution No. 192.

The Chief Clerk read the resolution (S. Res. 192), adopted by the Senate on the 9th instant, as follows:

Resolved, That at 3 o'clock on April 16, 1928, exercises appropriate to the reception and acceptance from the State of Tennessee of the statue of Andrew Jackson, a former President of the United States, erected in Statuary Hall in the Capitol, be made the special order of the Senate.

The VICE PRESIDENT. The senior Senator from Tennessee will take the chair.

Mr. MCKELLAR thereupon took the chair as Presiding Officer.

Mr. TYSON. Mr. President, I send to the desk a communication from the Governor of Tennessee, addressed to the Senate and House of Representatives, and ask that it be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will read, as requested.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

TENNESSEE EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Nashville, April 11, 1928.

To the Senate and House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN: Pursuant to the action of the sixty-fourth session of the Legislature of Tennessee there has been erected in Statuary Hall, Capitol of the United States, a statue of Andrew Jackson, a citizen of Tennessee and seventh President of the United States of America.

In behalf of the people of the State of Tennessee it is my pleasure and great privilege to present to the Government representing the people of the United States of America this statue of Tennessee's famous son and one of America's greatest generals and Presidents.

It would be superfluous for me to enumerate to your patriotic body of learned statesmen, familiar as you are with the history-making epoch made glorious with the name and fame of Andrew Jackson and of his life and achievements involving his record as a Congressman and Senator of the United States, major general of the United States Army, and President of the United States, and the far-reaching influence of his life and of his deeds in American history.

It is sufficient only for me to say that the State of Tennessee, realizing this, and feeling that a statue should be placed among America's immortals in her Hall of Fame, has had this statue erected, and hereby presents it to the great Government he did so much to create and preserve, and respectfully asks your acceptance of same.

Yours very truly,

HENRY H. HORTON, *Governor.*

Mr. TYSON. Mr. President, I send to the desk House Concurrent Resolution No. 29 and ask that it be read.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. McKellar in the chair). The clerk will read the concurrent resolution, as requested.

The Chief Clerk read the concurrent resolution (H. Con. Res. 29), adopted by the House of Representatives on the 10th instant, as follows:

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That the statue of Andrew Jackson by Mrs. Belle Kinney Scholz, presented by the State of Tennessee, to be placed in Statuary Hall, is accepted in the name of the United States, and that the thanks of Congress be tendered the State for the contribution of the statue of one of its most eminent citizens, illustrious for his distinguished services to the country in war and in peace.

Second. That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed and duly authenticated, be transmitted to the Governor of Tennessee.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

April 16, 1928

ADDRESS BY

SENATOR LAWRENCE D. TYSON

OF TENNESSEE

MR. PRESIDENT, we have had many great men in our country, and the names of many of them to-day are oftener upon the lips of our countrymen than is the name of Andrew Jackson, but, Mr. President, I believe there is no man whom our country has produced who deserves more from his country than Andrew Jackson. There never was a greater or more unselfish patriot, nor one who gave at all times more unsparingly or more effectively for his country.

He was born in 1767 of poor parents, who had come to America from Ireland in 1765 for the purpose of escaping the oppressions of the British. Shortly after settling in America the father died, and later the whole family was to suffer even a more dire calamity in this far-off America at the hands of the British than they could possibly have experienced had they remained in Ireland. Before the Revolutionary War was over two brothers of Andrew had been killed by the British, and his mother had died as a result of the war. Andrew fought for more than a year in the Revolutionary Army, having joined that Army at the tender age of 13 years. He was in several battles, and was thus one of the youngest soldiers who ever went to war.

He was left an orphan at 14 years of age and had no blood kin in America, and with practically no resources and but little education he was compelled to make his way at these tender years by his own unaided efforts.

To such distinction did he finally rise that the place of his birth has been the subject of heated controversy and long discussions,

and many chapters of history have been written to show the exact spot where he was born. Having been born at or near the Waxhaws, on the North Carolina and South Carolina line, both of these States claim him.

But it matters not so much where he was born nor where he lived for the first few years of his life, but it was where he lived and made his home and where he became great that mostly interests us.

It was in that romantic country known as Tennessee, across the Alleghany Mountains, in the great valley of the Mississippi River—that marvelous land in that unparalleled bluegrass region and unsurpassed hunting ground of the Shawnee, the Cherokee, the Creek, the Choctaw, and the Chickasaw Indians—that he made his home, and there he lived and died.

This new and undeveloped country gave him the arena and the greatest opportunity to be found anywhere on the continent of America to display his peculiar and remarkable talents. It was to the beautiful valleys of Tennessee and the Cumberland that this mighty man of destiny wended his way at the age of 20 to write his name imperishably upon the pages of history.

His talents and his courage were such that he was soon known in this new land as the great pioneer, and the settlers looked to him as their leader and their protector.

When the State of Tennessee was formed in 1796 Jackson was elected its first Representative in the Congress of the United States. One year later he was appointed a Senator from Tennessee.

The duties of a Congressman and a Senator were irksome to his adventurous and impetuous soul. He longed for the outdoor life and the great, free, romantic land of Tennessee, which answered the call of the wild and the adventurous in his nature, and so he resigned his seat in the Senate after two years' service and returned to Tennessee.

He was one of the few men who ever resigned from the Senate of the United States of his own accord. He was one of the few men who ever resigned from the Supreme Court of Tennessee, where

he had done a great service in bringing law and order to the new and turbulent State from 1799 to 1803.

During his service as a Representative in Congress he showed himself to belong to the school of Thomas Jefferson, of whom he was a devoted follower, and such was his courage and his idea of democracy and duty to the people that, notwithstanding his love and admiration for Washington, he refused to vote for the congratulatory address on the retirement of Washington from the Presidency in 1797 because he thought it smacked too much of royalty.

Jackson covered himself with imperishable renown and glory as the commander of the Tennessee volunteers and militia in the Creek War of 1813 and 1814.

This was one of the most important and bloody wars ever waged against the Indians on this continent. Jackson commanded more than 3,000 troops in this war, and his troops suffered incredible hardships, but in six months this formidable tribe of Indians, who were aided and encouraged by the British and the Spanish in Florida, were brought to submission and their power was forever broken.

To the eternal credit and glory of Tennessee be it said she agreed to stand sponsor for the payment of this large force which was used in driving the dreaded savage from the confines of the present States of Alabama and Mississippi.

In this war Jackson had gained such renown by his indomitable perseverance, courage, determination, iron will, and fortitude in enduring hardships that he was acclaimed throughout the Nation for his great achievements. He was made a major general in the Regular Army of the United States, and after having taken Pensacola, then held by the Spaniards, he was ordered to the defense of New Orleans.

New Orleans at that time was the only city of importance in the Mississippi Valley and was threatened with a great attack by the British. It was the key to the navigation of the Mississippi River,

and under no circumstances could the United States afford to lose this important point.

To give you an idea of the importance which the British attached to it, it is only necessary to say that while the British in all their operations against America in the War of 1812 had never employed altogether more than 20,000 men, yet in this case an expedition had been planned to sail from the island of Jamaica consisting of 50 vessels carrying 12,000 veteran troops of Wellington and 1,000 cannon under Sir Edward Pakenham, a veteran of the peninsular war in Spain and Portugal, who had fought under Wellington and who had conquered and driven from Spain the veteran soldiers of Napoleon. In addition there were nearly 10,000 sailors who were also to be thrown into that battle.

Jackson arrived at New Orleans on December 1, and such was the vigor of his measures that in a few days the courage and confidence of the citizens were restored.

His force consisted of some 800 regulars and other troops composed of volunteers and militia from Tennessee and Kentucky and Louisiana, amounting altogether to about 6,000 men, most of them equipped only with rifles and muskets and shotguns which they were in the habit of using at home, and many of them with no arms at all. In fact, it was as heterogeneous and undisciplined a lot of soldiers as ever went into battle.

Jackson had announced that he would attack the foe at all costs as soon as they landed on American soil. He swore by "the Eternal" that the foe should not be allowed to remain on the sacred soil of his country.

The British thought the Americans would not dare attack. Little did they know the commander who was pitted against them.

About 12 o'clock in the dead of night on the 23d of December Jackson launched a terrific attack upon the British, which took them wholly by surprise. A great victory was gained and a still greater moral advantage. The British lost 46 killed, 167 wounded, and 64 prisoners. The American loss was about half that number.

Jackson had determined to make his stand behind a small canal called the Rodriguez Canal, and he put every available hand to work deepening and widening this canal and piling the dirt and cotton bales upon one side where he could use them as a breastwork.

For four nights Jackson did not sleep but worked incessantly, using every means at hand to strengthen his defenses.

Sir Edward Pakenham arrived and took command of the British on Christmas Day.

On the morning of January 1 Pakenham opened a terrific fire and cannonade upon Jackson's position, but the British were repulsed with heavy loss.

January 8, the fateful day for the British and for the glory of America and of Jackson, opened with a heavy fog. The British attacked, with General Pakenham leading his troops as if on parade.

His troops stationed on the canal, Jackson walked incessantly up and down behind his lines encouraging his troops and directing them to hold their fire until the British came so close that the men could see the whites of their eyes. The battle raged for 25 minutes. The sharpshooters of Jackson from Tennessee and Kentucky did terrible execution. The slaughter was appalling. During this short period of 25 minutes 700 British soldiers fell dead, 1,400 were wounded, and 500 were taken prisoners.

Pakenham was killed, followed by General Gibbs, who was next in command; then General Keane fell, being severely, but not fatally, wounded. When the smoke cleared away the Americans found that they had lost but 8 men killed and 13 wounded.

The British retreated in disorder and left the field of battle, and shortly thereafter left the country; and thus was won eternal glory for America and the Presidency of the United States and immortality for Andrew Jackson.

The people of our country for more than a hundred years by common consent each year on the anniversary of this battle have assembled together and celebrated the most remarkable victory ever gained on a battle field in recorded history—the

Battle of New Orleans—and to honor the most extraordinary man that ever appeared on the horizon of this Republic—Gen. Andrew Jackson.

Up to the time of the Battle of New Orleans the War of 1812 was a great humiliation and disappointment to the American people, as they had won no battle of importance on land during the war, and even the Capitol at Washington had been taken by British troops and burned.

The whole Nation rejoiced over this remarkable battle as being the most glorious victory that had ever been gained by American arms and it was balm to their wounds and pride.

Andrew Jackson's career as President was a stormy one, as his whole life had been.

He was President during one of the most critical and exciting times in the history of the Republic.

Elected as a Democrat, he had pitted against him during his whole presidential career that great triumvirate that has gone down in the annals of our country as three of the greatest men who ever sat in the Senate of the United States—Clay, Calhoun, and Webster. Day after day and year after year the battle between these three giants in the Senate arena and President Jackson in the Executive Mansion was waged with unremitting vigor, fury, and bitterness.

Jackson asked no quarter and gave none, and although these men have never been surpassed in oratory and statesmanship and political sagacity by any men who have lived in our country, and although Jackson was called the backwoods President by many, he finally triumphed over them in every political battle in which they were engaged.

We can not speak of Jackson except in superlatives. He never did things as other men did them. He was successful in every serious undertaking of his life. It is said he fought a hundred battles, personal and otherwise, but even in his fights and duels he always came off a victor. He never was subordinate to any man. He never served an apprenticeship. He seems to have been born to command.

A lawyer, planter, United States district attorney, Congressman, twice United States Senator, justice of the supreme court of his State; never an officer until he was made a major general of militia; never a leader in battle until he led an army; never in the Regular Army until made a major general; the Governor of Florida; the victor and hero of New Orleans; the victor in the Seminole War; and twice the President of the United States and dictator of two of his successors.

Absolute master of every situation and the controller of the destinies of the Republic for 20 years, so much so that the period from 1825 to 1845 is called the Jacksonian era of the Republic.

Not a great student, but the greatest letter writer of his time; and his State papers are believed to be unsurpassed by any President who has sat in the presidential chair; the greatest Democrat of his time and of all times, Thomas Jefferson excepted.

His will was nearer law in the United States of America for 20 years than that of any other man for even one year. He has been more maligned, abused, and villified than any man who ever sat in the presidential chair; yet he never was finally defeated in anything in public or private life.

A man with many faults, it is true, but they were largely the result of environment and the influences and customs of his time.

The most moral and the most continent of men, the tenderest of husbands and the most loving of fathers to his adopted children. Like Washington, God did not give him children because He evidently wanted no comparisons.

He had a will that was as adamant as the rocks of his beloved Tennessee, and an honesty as great, and as scrupulous a regard for truth as any man that lived; the only man who ever rivaled Washington in the affection of all the people, and the most magnetic and popular man that ever held public office in America.

Theodore Roosevelt was the only man of the nineteenth century who ever approached him in magnetism and popularity before the American people.

He hated show and sham and centralization of power and great and overpowering wealth, privilege, and monopoly, believing them inimical to the best interests of the American people.

He believed with all his heart and soul in the rights of the States, but when the Union was threatened, and when what he called his own native State—South Carolina—threatened to go out of the Union, he showed that while he loved the States he loved the Constitution of the United States more, and at the crucial time when the country was in a great state of excitement as to what his course would be he appeared at a banquet in this proud city of Washington and, rising in his seat and giving his toast, he spoke these memorable words:

Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!

We have heard of others who have gotten great and everlasting credit for preserving the Union, and while all proper credit should be given to them, Mr. President, I feel that the speaking of these few short words at that time by Andrew Jackson and other things which he did preserved the Union then, and was the means of keeping that sentiment and that determination to preserve it in the minds of the American people until it culminated in lasting success at Appomattox more than 30 years afterwards.

Had there been another than the lion-hearted Jackson in the presidential chair, there might be another tale to tell to-day.

Mr. President, I say it without fear of successful contradiction that Andrew Jackson was the most remarkable and colorful man this country has produced.

No other President died as Jackson died.

It may be said that the power of his will was such that he even determined the day and hour of his death. When he was ready to die he drew his mantle about him, surrounded himself with his friends and loved ones, delivered them a sermon, bade them all an affectionate farewell, expressed the hope that he should meet them all in heaven, black and white alike, and then, and not until then, did Jackson die.

Mr. President, while he belongs to the Nation, Tennessee claims Jackson. He is her patron saint. His memory is enshrined in the hearts of her people and his ashes rest in her bosom.

Near the banks of the beautiful Cumberland River, and near the capital city of Nashville, in that lovely and fertile valley, is the home he loved so well, the stately mansion which he called The Hermitage, preserved by the loving hands of the ladies of The Hermitage Association of Tennessee. Near by in the garden of his home is the shrine of Tennessee, a mecca for all patriotic Americans, and in this lovely old garden is to be found the simple monument which marks the last resting place of Andrew Jackson and his beloved wife lying by his side.

He scorned the gift of the sarcophagus of a Roman emperor and preferred a simple tomb and an unpretentious epitaph:

General Andrew Jackson—born March 15, 1767; died June 8, 1845.

The inscription on Mrs. Jackson's tomb was written by Jackson himself, and in view of some of the ungenerous things that were said of her during Jackson's lifetime and the unchivalrous and unfair criticisms that have been made I wish to quote this inscription here as an example to the men of this age of what a chivalrous and noble gentleman and great American thought of his wife in the long ago when this Republic was still young.

The inscription is as follows:

Here lies the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died on the 22d day of December, 1825, age 61 years. Her face was fair, her person pleasing, her temper amiable, her heart kindly. She delighted in relieving the wants of her fellow creatures and cultivated that divine pleasure by the most liberal and unpretending methods; to the poor she was a benefactor, to the rich an example, to the wretched a comforter, to the prosperous an ornament; her piety went hand in hand with her benevolence, and she thanked her Creator for permitting her to do good. A being so gentle and so virtuous that slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he bore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of God.

In this day of divorces and unhappy marriages I would that all men and women could live as happily together as this great man and this pure and noble and gentle woman lived in the long ago.

Mr. President, I believe if you will study the life of Jackson from the cradle to the grave and the period in which he lived you will find it more thrilling than any novel; that you will learn to appreciate more and more what we owe to the men and women of the pioneer days.

The State of Tennessee is proud to place the statue of her distinguished son in Statuary Hall, to be numbered there with the great men of our Nation and of the earth.

To the student who makes an examination of the record of his life it is apparent that few men who have figured largely in public affairs have exhibited more conspicuously the elements of true greatness. He was great in every walk of life.

As a pioneer he was foremost in building his State. As a soldier, as a citizen, and as a statesman he did inestimable service for his country.

As President of the United States he threw down the bars and for the first time let the people have an effective share in the government of the Nation. He destroyed a sinister alliance between politics and finance that was swiftly reducing the people to economic serfdom. He shattered the nullification movement, thereby postponing for nearly 30 years the day when half a million men had to die for the preservation of the Union.

Mr. President, let his enemies say what they will, he was a great American, who stood foursquare to all the world and earned his right to stand forever in America's Hall of Fame.

Whatever his shortcomings, he was nevertheless always the true chevalier. He was ever the hero and the idol of the people, and never did man more nobly deserve the loyalty that the common people always gave him.

If he lived to-day, he would be fighting the battles of the people as of old, and there is every reason to believe that the America of the twentieth century would hail him as rapturously and follow him as devotedly as it hailed and followed him as its leader 100 years ago.

ADDRESS BY

SENATOR WILLIAM CABELL BRUCE

OF MARYLAND

MR. PRESIDENT, I deem it a great privilege to have been asked to say a few words on this occasion about Andrew Jackson. No series of biographies relating to either American soldiers or statesmen would be complete that did not include him, for his name is indelibly associated with some of the most important events in both the military and civil history of the United States.

Moreover, his character is marked by such salient and vivid traits and his career by such startling and dramatic incidents, that he can justly be pronounced one of the most interesting of all the men who have won conspicuous fame in our national annals.

Some one has said that it is curious to reflect that among all the millions of human beings who have peopled the world since its creation there has, perhaps, not been another person so unique, so purely the creature of individual idiosyncrasies, as John Randolph, of Roanoke; and the same thought might almost be hazarded of Andrew Jackson.

He was unquestionably subject to many shortcomings and limitations. When the poverty to which he was born, his meager stock of education, and the rude and lawless nature of his early environment are taken into account, the amazing thing is that his deficiencies should not have been greater than they were.

So far as syntax and spelling are concerned, he was notably illiterate. When Harvard College made him a doctor of laws, John Quincy Adams said that he would not be present to witness her disgrace in conferring the highest literary honors upon a barbarian who could not write a sentence of grammar and hardly could spell his own name. In reading Jackson's letters my own attention has

been called to the fact that on one occasion he even misspelled the name of Calhoun, and on another the name of Nashville, though in the one case few names had oftener been on his lips than that of Calhoun; and in the other his famous home, The Hermitage, was in the immediate vicinity of Nashville. However, John Quincy Adams should not have forgotten, and we should not forget, that if battles were won and public policies consummated by grammarians only, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Washington would not be the immortal personages that they are.

Few men, too, have ever been endowed with such a high-strung nature as Jackson. From the time that a brutal British officer inflicted ineffaceable wounds on his body, because he refused to black this officer's boots, until his final retirement from public life his existence was, with a few brief intervals, one long gladiatorial combat.

One of his enemies claimed that, in the course of his life, Jackson had been engaged in some 100 duels, street fights, and brawls of one kind or another. This is, doubtless, an exaggeration, but certainly few careers in civil life have ever been marked by such unremitting pugnacity as Jackson's in the early history of Tennessee. At one time he and John Sevier went about "gunning for each other," to use a slang phrase of our own time. He fought a duel, though a bloodless one, with Waightstill Avery, a fellow practitioner of the law. In one of the most tragic duels in American history he killed Charles Dickinson and received a wound himself from which he never really recovered. In an irregular encounter with Thomas H. Benton and his brother Jesse he incurred injuries which reduced his health, for a time, to the lowest point of depletion, and the original cause of these injuries was the fact that, in an unfortunate moment, he had consented to become the second of a duelist with whom Jesse Benton had taken to the field. At one time the popularity of Jackson in Tennessee was seriously impaired by the general feeling that he was too quarrelsome and dangerous even for its lax code of law and order. Such an aggressive nature as this, of course, was bound to assert itself, unhappily at times, even after it had passed to a wider theater of action than primitive

Tennessee. No matter how grave the measure of responsibility that rested upon him, down to his last days, no one could violate Jackson's acute sense of personal dignity or excite his antagonism in any way without arousing in him a spirit of uncompromising, unrelenting resentment that made every fight with him, small or great, a duel to the death. "He went," Thomas H. Benton often observed of him, "for a clean victory or a clean defeat."

When his passions were thoroughly awakened, his imperious temperament brooked no restraint whatever. Under those circumstances, his unbending Scotch-Irish will can be compared to nothing so fitly as to concrete reinforced with iron rods. Even the respect that he owed, in the light of international laws and usages, to His Most Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, or the fear that he might naturally have entertained of the retaliatory power of His Majesty the King of Great Britain and Ireland, meant but little to him. When he was a major general in the Army of the United States, if the President would but give the word, he stood ready to seize the entire Spanish Territory of Florida, without a moment's hesitation. As it was, he did not scruple, later, to seize and hold for a time St. Marks, one of its most important posts. He hung, unjustly, as is now generally agreed, in Florida, a British subject, Arbuthnot, for alleged espionage and other offenses, and, with what might at least be deemed rash sternness, had another British subject, in Florida, Ambrister, shot. In 1821, when still irritated by the delay in the delivery of Florida to him as its American governor by Spain, he even clapped the handsome and polite Colonel Callava, the Spanish governor of Pensacola, into a calaboose.

After the Battle of New Orleans, while that city was still under the martial law established by him, he hurried off Judge Dominick A. Hall, a Federal judge, to imprisonment, in the custody of a file of soldiers, because he had sanctioned the issuance of a writ of habeas corpus against him.

He was so blinded by partisanship when his feelings were fully enlisted in behalf of an individual that after his first suspicions of Burr's designs in the Southwest had been laid by the latter's

deceitful assurances he did not stop short during Burr's trial of making harangues in the streets of Richmond in defense of that unscrupulous, if not treasonable, adventurer.

When the wives of the members of his Cabinet and Vice President Calhoun and his own niece, Mrs. Donelson, refused to accord social recognition to Mrs. Eaton because of her dubious reputation, he insisted upon her being given all the rights and privileges of unquestioned innocence.

Few names are oftener blended than those of Jefferson and Jackson, but it is interesting to recall the fact that for Jackson, apparently, Jefferson never entertained anything except dislike and distrust.

In 1824 he said of Jackson: "When I was President of the Senate he was a Senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly and as often choke with rage."

Indeed, Jefferson has been said to have declared that Jackson was one of the most unfit men that he knew of for the Presidency.

"He has had," he is reported to have affirmed, "very little respect for laws or constitutions, and is, in fact, an able military chief. His passions are terrible. * * * He is a dangerous man."

We have described Jackson at his worst. Of Jackson at his best, it is hard to speak too highly. It is sometimes said of a man that he has the defects of his virtues. Of Jackson it can be truly said that he had all the virtues of his defects. It is difficult to conceive of courage or fortitude more superb than his. He met danger on the dueling field, in the wilderness, in battle, as far as we can see, with a heart to which fear was a total stranger. He conducted his campaign against the Creeks when, as the result of the wounds inflicted upon him in his collision with the Bentons, he could scarcely, from sheer weakness and pain, contrive to sit in his saddle. Always after that event his health was very frail; yet no peril could daunt him, no obstacle could arrest him, no amount of resistance could withstand him, except, perhaps, that set up by the ladies of Washington to the social acceptance of Mrs. Eaton; and here, perhaps, he met

defeat only because he could not trample women under his feet as he might have done men. After he killed Dickinson he once declared that he would have hit him even if he himself had been shot through the brain. In his struggle with the Bank of the United States he exclaimed grimly, "The bank, Mr. Van Buren, is trying to kill me, but I will kill it," and so he did. Death itself was a small matter to him compared with the frustration of any serious aim on which he had set his heart. His integrity was punctilious in the highest degree. He paid a debt even if he had to cut pecuniary comfort to the bone to do it. He was chaste, temperate, and intensely domestic in his habits. His romantic devotion to his wife Rachel and to her relations are among the commonplaces of American history. He was a kind master. He was, if anything, too loyal and steadfast a friend. There was not a trace of vanity, bluster, deceit, or double-dealing in his composition. Under ordinary circumstances he was attentive to advice and prompt to acknowledge error. Like most good haters, he had a rich reserve of compassion and affection for any call upon the gentler elements of his nature. He loved children. After a battle in one of his campaigns a little Indian boy was found with the arms of his dead mother still about him. "All his relations are dead; kill him, too," said the Indian women whom Jackson besought to give the child nourishment. This piteous answer went to the heart of the general, and he took the boy under his protection and brought him up in his home as if he were his own son. Benton tells us how he came upon Jackson in the twilight of a wet, chilly evening and found him sitting alone before the fire with a lamb and a child between his knees. As is true of many individuals of his intense character, in his nature vials of wrath and wellsprings of unutterable tenderness were found side by side. In no man was the truth of Bayard Taylor's beautiful lines ever better exemplified:

The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

Nor could there be a graver mistake than to think of Jackson as a mere frontiersman or roughneck. Indisputable testimony to his impressive and winning presence has come down to us. One of the

handsomest and most elegant gentlemen that I have ever met was the late Gen. Joseph R. Anderson, of Richmond, Va.; and he was in the habit of declaring that of all the men that he had known Andrew Jackson had the most courtly manners. He was a natural soldier, a natural statesman, and a natural gentleman. Among his warmest friends and admirers were refined women.

The sharp contrasts apparent in the private character of Jackson are also visible in his public character. He lacked the education, the moral discipline, and the mental training essential to the highest achievements of sober statesmanship. He carried his antagonistic spirit, his arbitrary will, and his inveterate partialities and prejudices into his public as well as his private relations. Tolerance and compromise, two of the things which enter so largely into the successful administration of public affairs, were deeply repugnant to his self-willed disposition. To him political opponents and personal enemies were one. He detested Calhoun. The most that he would concede to Clay was that he was "a magnanimous rascal." For the lack of mental culture his State papers had to be reduced to form by other persons. His fierce partisan temper is at least partly responsible for the abuses of patronage which sprang up at Washington when he came to the National Capital with the hungry office-seeking Demos at his heels. Before his day the United States was a republic. Since his day it has been a democracy, with all the failings that a democracy, as distinguished from a republic, has.

But Jackson's political career, too, had its merits, and merits sufficiently noble to make him a great party leader and the idol of the American people. If his written words were not always those of the scholar, the glowing thoughts that ran off from his impetuous pen were, even after they had been dressed up in academic English by Edward Livingston or some one else, all his own. Despite their grammatical imperfections they went to their mark as surely as Jackson's bullet sped to Dickinson's vitals. He brought to public affairs not a little of the instinctive sagacity which he brought to his military exploits and a trust in the good sense and

good feeling of the mass of men as unwavering as Jefferson's or Lincoln's. Nor should we forget that one of his closest and ablest political associates—Van Buren—has told us that Jackson was one of the calmest and most self-contained of men when facing a real public crisis. His patriotism was ardent and impassioned. He loved American ideals and institutions as they could be loved only by a man who bore British scars on his head and hand, had inhaled the free air of the western wilderness, and had ascended from the lowest levels of human fortune to the highest.

The possession of power and boundless popularity had no effect upon his prejudice against the reeligibility of the President. Indeed, notwithstanding his fervid temperament and unfaltering self-confidence he seems to have been moved in his career to a singularly limited degree by political ambition. He cared quite as much for The Hermitage as he did for the White House. His real, lasting interests centered about his Tennessee home, his lands, his crops, the friends of his early manhood. His political convictions were not always maintained with entire consistency. It is a nice question whether his war upon the Bank of the United States did not do fully as much harm as good. Its value consisted mainly in the early warning that it gave to American plutocracy that American democracy includes the money king as well as all other kings in its political excommunication. Unquestionably the countenance that Jackson gave to what came to be known as the spoils system of politics helped to beget many of the administrative scandals that have attended the practical workings of our Government. But it can not be denied that he never gave his assent while President to a public policy that he did not honestly believe to be for the best interests of his country. In his transparent sincerity of character, in the unfailing courage with which he asserted his political beliefs, and in the popular faith in the entire disinterestedness of his public motives, as well as in his keen intuitive political insight, are to be found the explanation of the fact that he earned the unmeasured confidence of the American people, never failed to carry his point

so long as he chose to remain on the public stage, and left that stage with the plaudits of an adoring multitude ringing in his ears. In his time he was pitted against some of the ablest men in our political history—such as Webster, Calhoun, and Clay—but there was not one of them who did not go down under his impetuous onset as tenpins go down before the rush of a ball in a bowling alley. Even when he incurred censure for one of his acts it was certain to be expunged by popular favor in process of time. The fine imposed upon him for contempt of court by Judge Hall after his release was refunded to him years afterwards with interest by Congress. When a resolution censuring him was adopted by the United States Senate his friends never rested until black lines of cancellation had been drawn around the record relating to it in the Senate Journal.

Jackson issued victoriously from all his important political contests, and his military career was attended by the same unvarying success. Though of only a few years' duration altogether, it was long enough to demonstrate that he was a soldier from his birth.

All his operations were characterized, in the highest degree, by an innate genius for war that enabled him, almost unerringly, to realize the practical means by which his objects were to be accomplished; by sleepless energy; by rapidity and firmness of decision; by boldness tempered with the proper measure of prudence; by an heroic spirit, which rose superior even to famine and mutiny in his own ranks; and by that personal ascendancy, partly the fruit of sympathetic fellowship and partly the fruit of rigorous, yet judicious, discipline which is the supreme token of true generalship.

Anything better directed or deadlier than his descent on the Creeks at Horseshoe Bend it would be hard to imagine. His victories were always so crushing that none of them can be said to have been dearly bought. When the Indian dead at Horseshoe Bend were counted, they were computed to number some 757 individuals, as against 55 of Jackson's men killed and 146 wounded; and of these more than half were Indian allies of his.

On that ever-memorable day, the 8th of January, 1815, when Jackson found himself confronted at New Orleans by some of the

bravest and most highly disciplined soldiers of the British Army, the withering fire of his artillerymen and riflemen in 25 minutes took a toll of 700 British dead, 1,400 British wounded, and 500 British prisoners, at an expense to Jackson's forces of only 8 killed and 13 wounded. Among the British dead and wounded of that day were 3 major generals, 8 colonels and lieutenant colonels, 6 majors, 18 captains, and 54 subalterns. Among the dead was Sir Edward Pakenham, the gallant commander of the British Army.

To grasp how infinitely superior in point of military resource and skill Jackson was to any of our other generals in the War of 1812, one has but to read the whole story of the British attack upon New Orleans in 1814 and 1815. The tireless activity, the keen intelligence exhibited by Jackson at every stage of the attack, his own night attack on the British, his effective use as an agency of defense of the Mississippi River, the good judgment that he showed in the selection of his ground, the skillful disposition that he made of his forces, and the celerity with which he met every turn in the vicissitudes of the British assault, all stamp him as a great commander.

Nor would any review of Jackson's military achievements be complete that did not mention the uncommon degree of efficiency evidenced by his military operations in Florida both before and after the Battle of New Orleans.

It is not given to many individuals to be a brilliant soldier, a renowned President, and a famous party leader, but, despite his infirmities of education and temper, it can be truly said Jackson was all of these things.

Every year on the 8th day of January the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans is commemorated in the United States with due ceremony.

The enthusiasm kindled by the political leadership of Jackson in the breasts of his faithful followers was so intense that at every presidential election a certain number of Democrats are still jocularly supposed to cast their votes for him.

And even if all the other executive acts of Andrew Jackson should be forgotten, the people of the United States will never forget the Jefferson Day toast offered by him which chilled the first stirrings of disunion during his presidential career, "Our Federal Union—it must be preserved"; nor the noble and powerful proclamation against the nullification of the Federal Constitution which did more to implant a sense of inviolable nationality in the bosom of the American people than anything in our history except the closing scenes of the Civil War at Appomattox.

We can only trust that this national spirit will be forever maintained by a patriotic vow on the part of the American people as stern and immutable as the tremendous oath which Jackson sometimes uttered when announcing his inflexible resolves, "By the Eternal!"

ADDRESS BY

SENATOR SIMEON D. FESS

OF OHIO

MR. PRESIDENT, Members of the Senate accustomed to listening to addresses delivered in the Chamber will appreciate an innovation where the occasion is to turn away from material matters, in which we talk about the industrial greatness of the Nation, to study for a time the real source of the real greatness of our country. I think without doubt that greatness will be generally conceded to be in the character of our leaders. That is not only true in political life but it is true in every activity of life. Here in this Chamber, where day after day we are discussing the material greatness that is detailed by the figures of the wealth of the Nation, I think it very fitting and appropriate that we turn aside to consider for a moment a character like Andrew Jackson.

When I study this character, as I must do it, rather from the standpoint of history, I can recognize certain important contributions which were made by this leadership to our national system. I recognize qualities of leadership in Andrew Jackson that were very uncommon. When I run over the list of the Presidents who preceded him and note what is regarded as mental characteristics which qualify for the Presidency, and then study the life of Jackson in contrast, I find it a very interesting study. All of those, unless it would be Washington, would have been regarded classical in their education, very erudite in their acquisition of knowledge from the sources of higher learning. Quite different in the character of Jackson. He, on the other hand, was self-educated, and while people speak of him as a pioneer, he probably was the best representative of signal achievement of his time or the best that could be realized under the conditions under which he lived.

The source of his popularity is somewhat difficult to ascertain. The measure of his popularity is in a maximum degree when contrasted with others. In 1828, 100 years ago, when he was a candidate the second time for the Presidency, he fell heir to the tremendous popular impulse that was due to the fact that it appeared he had been counted out for the Presidency in 1824, when in that year there were four contending candidates. These men were of the type of John Quincy Adams, the scholar of his day; William H. Crawford, a great statesman; and "Harry of the West," Henry Clay, regarded at that time as one of the most vivaciously eloquent and popular men in America. Jackson received more electoral votes than any one of them; indeed, 15 more than the man next to him, John Quincy Adams, but the election went to the House of Representatives, and Adams was chosen.

The resentment that welled up from the country, because of what appeared to be a defeat by a minority candidate of the most popular hero in America, made his election in 1828, four years later, an assured fact.

As all who are acquainted with the era and these leaders would recognize, men of the type of Jefferson, the scholarly Democrat, the great draftsman, probably the greatest representative of liberty in government the world ever knew, had not confidence in Jackson. He was afraid of what appeared to be Jackson's impulses. He recognized his remarkable contribution as a leader in war and the place that he had filled as a successful victor in war, and the debt we owe as a Nation to what he did in 1815 and even in Florida after that time. Yet Jefferson was somewhat fearful of an administration under the leadership of a man of the type of Jackson. While it is true that Jefferson died in 1826, on the 4th of July, the same date that John Adams, a great compatriot, died, Jackson was a leading figure at that time. While Jackson was not elected President until two years later, in 1828, Jefferson could very easily read the signs of the times and know the possibilities of the American Republic under our popular method of campaigns and elections.

I look upon Jackson, as President during those eight years, as one of the great figures in American history. One of the most spectacular, if not the most dramatic, incidents in our national life was when Jackson led the fight to defeat the United States Bank, and succeeded by ordering all the deposits removed from the central bank to the 89 State banks. There was a trio, or what we call in history a triumvirate, in the Senate which organized in opposition to the President. That triumvirate was led by the distinguished Democrat of South Carolina, aided by the brilliant Whig of Kentucky, reinforced by the brilliant Whig of Massachusetts. Of those three, while Clay would be regarded the most popular, Webster probably the most powerful orator, I regard John C. Calhoun as one of the keenest thinkers and best representatives of a peculiar type of government, State sovereignty, that we had at that time or any time before or since. At one time it was so arranged that when the President nominated Van Buren as ambassador to Great Britain, the confirmation in this body was to result in a tie. At the time, presiding over this body as the President of the Senate, was John C. Calhoun. When the tie vote was reached on the confirmation of Martin Van Buren, an heir later on to Andrew Jackson, the tie was broken by John C. Calhoun voting to reject the appointment; and, although Martin Van Buren had gone to London to enter upon his duties, it was the vote of the great Democrat from South Carolina, who did not like the President of the United States, that recalled Van Buren.

That is only one incident to indicate the intensity of feeling which was developing here in Washington between the leadership in this body and the White House. When, on the removal of these deposits, this triumvirate moved against Jackson, they succeeded in putting a resolution of censure on the records of the Senate. As has been stated, under the leadership of Thomas H. Benton, another one of our great Senators, the fight to expunge that resolution was continued until 1837, when it was finally taken off the records. But it did not in any way lessen the feeling between the great leader of South Carolina and the great President of the Nation.

I suppose the most dramatic incident in that era was when, on the threat of South Carolina to secede, Jackson made his famous proclamation. I think that that State paper, bearing the name of Livingston, which represents the opinion of Jackson, is one of the strongest arguments for the perpetuity of this Nation that is extant in American history. If I were called upon to state what we, as a Nation, owe to Jackson as a political leader, the facts would be numerous, the debt would be great, and the incidents would not at all be confined to any one decade.

He was a very remarkable personality. Admirably adapted to the work of a great soldier, all of his impulses were in that direction; and yet this wonderful soldier, who would make us think of blood and thunder, was as simple and kind in his attitude in his home and was as chivalrous in the drawing-room where ladies were assembled as the most refined individual of that or any other time. That beautiful relationship that is so well understood between him and the wife makes me think of that remarkable incident in the life of John Stuart Mill, the great philosopher of Britain, who when the helpmate died had her buried in the yard at the home, so that every day he could go out and commune with the beloved one who had gone. I always think of that relationship when I think of Jackson and his beloved wife.

Yet out of that relationship, because Jesse Benton had made an offensive remark, a duel took place between Jackson and Benton, showing the contrast between what appeared to be the impetuous, strenuous vigor of volition and unconquerable will on the one hand, and, on the other, the deepest, most tender pathos of which we have any record.

Senators, I look upon Jackson, his life, and influence, as one of the sources of the great riches of American political life. I think the Senate does a very proper thing now and then to halt its proceedings to pay tribute to the real source of the real wealth of America—her great men and her great leaders.

ADDRESS BY

SENATOR J. THOMAS HEFLIN

OF ALABAMA

MR. PRESIDENT, the strength and glory of a nation consists in the manhood of its men and the womanhood of its women. No man is truly great who does not possess the elements of heroic courage and manly honor. Jackson was blessed with both. It was my good fortune on yesterday to witness the unveiling of the Jackson statue in America's Hall of Fame. The program of the occasion was beautifully conducted by Tennessee's gifted and eloquent daughter, Mrs. Gillentine. The President of the United States delivered a fine and strong address on that occasion, and Mr. Claude G. Bowers, the editor of the New York World, who has written a book entitled "The Party Battles of the Jackson Period," also delivered a splendid address; in fact, all of the addresses were good.

Andrew Jackson was a wonderful man. He was truly a great American. He was able, conscientious, and absolutely fearless. He did not permit anything to stand between him and the discharge of his duty. He feared God and God only. I read a history of him when I was a boy. I was born within 12 miles of the spot where he fought the decisive battle with the Creek Nation, at Horseshoe Bend, on the Tallapoosa River, in Alabama. I have many times visited the Horseshoe Bend! I have seen the deep trench constructed midway between the heel and toe of the horseshoe in which the Indians hid themselves when waiting for Jackson and his men to attack them in their last mighty stronghold. Major Montgomery, leading the Jackson forces, mounted the breastworks, built of logs across the heel of the horseshoe by the Indians under the supervision of Colonel Rogers, a British officer. The

Creek Indians were supplied with guns and ammunition by the British and they made their last stand at Horseshoe Bend.

Across it were built the breastworks with sweet-gum logs, with portholes cut through, so that the Indians could fire at Jackson and his men standing and another line of them could fire lying down.

Jackson gave orders to attack them. Major Montgomery, for whom the capital of Alabama is named, standing on the breastworks, leading and directing his men, was shot through the head and instantly killed. The brilliant and daring Sam Houston, who was later Governor of Tennessee and President of the Republic of Texas, was shot through the thigh with an arrow as he mounted the breastworks. He demanded that his men draw the arrow from the wound. They tore his flesh terribly and he bled profusely. They took him back to the tent. And when Jackson learned that he had been wounded and had been carried to the tent, he went to him, knelt down by his cot, held his hand, and begged him to stay there and not to venture out any more; that he had lost so much blood that further activity on his part might prove fatal. Houston listened and said nothing, but when Jackson went back to his men on the firing line Houston slipped out of the tent and directed his men to fire into the Indians between the clefts of the rocks along the riverside.

He was severely wounded two or three times; shot through the right shoulder with a rifle in the hands of a Creek Indian. Jackson's victory was complete. Parton, in his history, tells us that that was the decisive battle with the Creek Nation, and that in that battle Jackson broke the power of the red man in North America. There were those prominent in that day who dreaded and feared the red man and his dangerous wilderness warfare. Jackson was not one of them.

Mr. President, it has been said by some one that the really heroic and fearless man is not afraid to fight alone; that "wolves hunt in packs, but the lion hunts alone." That describes Jackson. He was

a lion, and wherever duty called he dared, if need be, to fight alone. He trusted God implicitly; was true to his own convictions and had faith in himself. When once he determined that the cause was just and that he should support it, no power of man or devils could turn him away from the path of duty. He did not stop to ask who would go with him into the conflict. He was ready to take his stand and do his duty at any cost. We need his noble and courageous spirit in our country to-day, when political corruption is rampant in the Republic and when the greedy money power again needs to be curbed, as Jackson curbed it in his day.

He dared to meet in open combat the powerful and arrogant forces of the United States Bank. The avaricious money power of his time had set up headquarters at the Capital. Nicholas Biddle, who was the chosen mouthpiece of the money lords of his day, was here with satellites encamped at the Capital. He was spending vast sums of money entertaining and influencing Members of the House and Senate; he was the lord and master of the political situation at the Capital until Jackson appeared on the scene. When Jackson saw that the money power was not only manipulating the Nation's money supply and credit to the enrichment of the few and to the hurt of many, he challenged them to national combat here in the Capital. There was pending in Congress at the time a measure of great importance to the country and to Jackson's administration, and Nicholas Biddle dared to send word to Jackson that unless he permitted the bank bill, which would renew the charter of the United States Bank, to be tied in with the Jackson measure he would defeat Jackson's bill.

When they bore that message to Jackson the light of battle blazed in his eye and he said: "Have they got power enough to defeat my bill?" He was told that they claimed to have that power. "Well," he said, "that is too much power for any one set of men to have in this country, and I will take it from them"; and he did take it from them.

Such a fight as Jackson waged in that instance has got to be made every now and then to keep the Government in the hands of the people. Jackson saw the necessity had arisen, the time had arrived for that power to be smashed, for those who wielded it to be taught banking institutions were valuable agencies in serving the business needs of the people and that they were not created primarily for the benefit of the bankers, but to accommodate and serve the needs of the men and women in all the walks of life engaged in business of every kind; that the people were not to become slaves to the money power, but that the money power was to be so handled and controlled that it would benefit everybody that came in contact with it, and at the same time yield a good profit to and benefit those who operated the banks.

Jackson never had any desire to deny them that right, but when he found that the United States Bank had gathered in and concentrated here powers from the various States, and had concentrated vast wealth here at the Capital, he said: "It is now a dangerous agency; it must be smashed"; and he smashed it.

Mr. President, we have a similar condition now, and the country and its Congress have got to deal with it soon. The concentration of wealth in New York City, in Wall Street, the wildcat gambling in stocks and bonds and farm products on the exchanges have created a Monte Carlo and a dazed and drunken, staggering Babylon with which this Nation has got to deal. Whence will come a Jackson? He has got to come at this time out of the West or the South. This issue has got to be met, and God will raise up the leader, and the hour is ripe for his coming.

If all public men had the courage of their convictions and the devotion to duty that Jackson had, what a glorious country this would be. Whenever his country stood on one side of an issue and sinister interests on the other, Jackson was always on the side of his country.

He was clean, outspoken, and fearless in all the engagements of his private and public life. No cloud of scandal hangs on his horizon. No act of dishonor darkens his name.

Mr. President, his bitter enemies in the old days, who hated him because he whipped them in his battle with the United States Bank, tried to make him appear as an ignoramus; but those who knew the truth, including Bowers's history—one of the best I have ever read of him—said that he was not such a man. It is true that he did not have the college advantages and university advantages that some public men had; but, like Lincoln and Tom Watson, of Georgia—who did not have many advantages that the college afforded, but who educated themselves at their firesides and were learning and storing their minds with useful knowledge all the time—Jackson was an educated man, a well-informed man, when he first went to Congress; and when he was judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee his decisions show him to be a man of learning and that all of those reflections made upon him by his enemies were unwarranted.

He was a man of sound judgment, of deep convictions, of unfailing courage, and unimpeachable integrity. He was truly a great leader. It made no difference to him that the problem was a difficult one and that the road to its solution was long and rough. He tackled the problem and entered upon the road the moment he was convinced that the cause was just and that duty pointed the way. He knew he was right, and he knew that in the end he would convert the country to his view. When truth and right and justice were involved he never stopped to count the cost. He pointed the way and led to victory. He served his day and generation well; as an Alabamian and as an American I delight to honor him. In 1914 I was instrumental in passing through Congress a bill that caused the erection of a monument at the Horseshoe Bend in Alabama to Jackson and his men. Fortunate indeed are we that we can claim

him as countryman and feel the quickening inspiration of his heroic example to high-minded, noble endeavor; and fortunate indeed is the great State of Tennessee in being able to claim him as her illustrious son and as her contribution to the Valhalla of American fame. And I congratulate Tennessee, the State that Jackson loved and served so well, upon the fine ability, honor, and standing of the two splendid patriots who answer to the name of Tennessee in this body.

ADDRESS BY

SENATOR SMITH W. BROOKHART

OF IOWA

MR. PRESIDENT, Andrew Jackson was great in two great fields—in that of military service and in that of statesmanship. The spirit of Andrew Jackson rose all unaware in the Senate to-day. Without thinking of this as a day of memorial to his name, the last act of the Senate before entering into this service was to pass a bill making permanent the national rifle matches of the United States. The report on that bill gives as one of the reasons for the passage of the bill the great victory of Jackson's riflemen at New Orleans.

Mr. President, Jackson's victory in the economic field to my mind far outranks his victories on the field of battle; and I want to mention specifically the greatest fight Jackson made. I think Jackson was the one and only President of the United States who, from his own choice, never did surrender to special privilege in that great office. Even Lincoln was compelled to surrender to some extent to the war profiteer. Washington was somewhat in sympathy with the special-privilege class of the United States. Roosevelt, who stands next to Jackson for his persistence against them, did in a few instances yield to their power. But Jackson never did.

Jackson's fight against the Central Bank of the United States was the most determined and most successful fight against special privilege in all the history of our country and in all the history of the world. That institution was organized and conducted for the purpose of collecting together the savings of the people of the United States, to be used as the financial support of every industry and every institution that preyed upon the labor and earnings of the American people. Jackson set his hand against it, and he never yielded until it was uprooted.

Mr. President, nearly a hundred years have gone by since that memorable battle, and again we have built up in the United States a great financial institution. This time it is backed up by provisions of law, and again it is collecting the savings of the people of the United States into a great central reservoir for speculators and gamblers and profiteers and exploiters of the labor and the toil of this country. Not since the days of Jackson himself have we so much needed another Jackson as we need one at this moment in the United States.

This financial gambling institution became a menace to this country before 1913, when the Federal reserve law was passed. The author of that law, in presenting it to the House of Representatives, said that brokers' loans had become a cancer in our economic life and that they proposed to cut the cancer out. At the time that was said the brokers' loans totaled about $766,000,000, a vast sum of the savings of the people to be collected into one reservoir for the purpose of conducting the greatest gambling business ever organized in this world, a business that is changing all our business into enterprises of risk and uncertainty parallel to gambling itself.

It was truly said it was a gigantic cancer. The law was passed to cut the cancer out. A few days ago a check on brokers' loans showed them to be, according to newspaper reports, $4,680,000,000. The cancer is six times as big as when it was cut out, and the United States of America, at this moment, awaits an Andrew Jackson to operate upon that cancer that is destroying the economic life of the common people of our country.

ADDRESS BY

SENATOR KENNETH McKELLAR

OF TENNESSEE

MR. PRESIDENT, on yesterday there was unveiled in the Capitol a bronze statue of Andrew Jackson. It was placed in our National Hall of Fame. It was fitting that this should be done by the State of Tennessee, from which he came, and which he served so well; but, Mr. President, it did not take a bronze statue to give enduring fame to Andrew Jackson. His life, his worth, his character, his deeds had already, long before, enshrined themselves in the hearts of the people of this Nation, where they will live as long as the Nation endures.

If anyone should ask the question, "Who are the first ten greatest men of this Republic?" perhaps nine out of ten of the persons asked, if they were familiar with their country's history, would include Andrew Jackson in that ten, and many of them would put him near the forefront.

He was not a man gifted in letters. He did not have the literary versatility of a Jefferson. He did not have the literary versatility of a John Quincy Adams. He did not have the literary versatility of a modern like Woodrow Wilson. What he did have, however, was a hard common sense, an almost unequaled natural ability, a wonderful physical and moral courage, a physical and moral courage that is perhaps unsurpassed in the history of this Republic; and he had a will to do that was invincible.

These qualities were what made Andrew Jackson the great man that he was; and it was these qualities that make him live in history to-day and will always as long as the deeds of great men are revered.

I am not going to attempt to review—it has already been better done by others—the various stages of his eventful life. I will recall simply that he first came into the national picture as the hero of New Orleans, where he won one of the greatest military victories of the ages. Our country had lost the war up to that time, and peace had already been declared; but he redeemed our country by winning that victory before the news of the close of the war had come to him. He made a great fame thereby; and afterwards, in the conquest of Florida, and before, in the conquest of the Indians, he had made a wonderful military fame. But these, in my judgment, were not the things that gave Andrew Jackson his enduring fame.

His spectacular race for the Presidency in 1824, in which he far outdistanced his competitors and broke up the whole method of presidential succession, his defeat only being accomplished by an unholy combination in the House of Representatives, gave him his first great political fame. It is true that he had been Senator from Tennessee in 1797, and Senator again in 1823 and 1824, but he did not take a conspicuous place in this body. Both of his terms of office were too short for him to become a leader here. The race in 1824 paved the way for his success in 1828 and his reelection in 1832.

As President he followed Jefferson as the champion of the masses as opposed to the classes. In substantially his entire term of eight years he was engaged in a terrible political warfare. For the most part, he had an adverse majority against him in the Senate, but he never faltered, never hesitated, never quit. Afterwards he was vindicated as probably no other President was ever vindicated in our history, and his political enemies put completely to rout, and most of them were absolutely destroyed. But none of these things brought him his enduring fame.

Mr. President, in my opinion, there are two remarkable things that occurred in his career that made Jackson truly great. One of these was his fight, after he became President, with the Bank of the United States. In that fight he settled for a long time two great

questions. One of them was, "Shall any corporation or organization or combination of men be erected within this Government that is stronger than the Government itself?" The other was, in that connection, "Shall fraud and corruption and chicanery and dishonesty control this Government?" To both of these questions Jackson thundered the answer, "No!"

When he found that these were the issues, he entered into the fight with all his heart and soul and with all his might; and it took him virtually both terms of his administration to win those fights. He won them both, however, and settled for all time that though fraud and wrong and dishonesty and corruption may flourish for a season in America, an Andrew Jackson will ever arise to destroy them, and he did destroy them; and I hope his example will be looked to through the present and coming ages whenever any organization appears and for dishonest and corrupt reasons undertakes to run this Government, as that corrupt and dishonest organization, the United States Bank, undertook to run it in Jackson's day.

There was one other victory in Mr. Jackson's career that seems to me to place him in the very front rank of our truly great men. It was not a military victory. It was not even a victory of statesmanship, strictly speaking, though in a sense it was. It was a victory won at a dinner party—a dinner party given by his enemies, to which he was invited.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Jackson came on the political scene he upset many traditions in this Republic. He upset the accustomed and ordinary succession to the Presidency, and he aroused the ire of powerful men and rivals. Three of those men have been referred to here this afternoon.

One of them was Clay, and one was Calhoun, and the other was Webster. Up to that good hour they had never agreed on any subject; indeed, they had been fighting one another for a generation; they all differed on both principle and policy; they were each bitterly opposed to the other; but when Mr. Jackson became President

these rivals buried their differences, they joined their forces, and all against Mr. Jackson, with the result that, after years of bitter warfare, when the battle was over Andrew Jackson had won, and his enemies, put to rout and shame, were annihilated.

It was during this stormy period, not long after the death of Mr. Jefferson, that Mr. Jackson's enemies gave a dinner party in honor of Mr. Jefferson's birthday—a custom that is still preserved in our party. It was the first Jefferson Day anniversary, and the principal theme of Mr. Jackson's enemies was nullification of Federal law, as argued by Mr. Calhoun. Nullification! Ah, this man of experience, this man of undaunted courage, this man of keen intellectuality, saw what was coming, and prepared for it. All of the speakers there were there for the purpose of furthering the idea of nullification of Federal law; and it is claimed by historians that Mr. Jackson was invited for the purpose, by inference at least, of committing him directly or inferentially to that doctrine. He was not even put on the program; but, being President of the United States, he was invited and expected to propose a toast. His enemies were jubilant. It was believed that they had at last gotten "the old man"; but when all had spoken the President arose, and, looking into the face of one of his greatest political enemies, said:

I propose this toast: Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!

In my humble judgment, that toast has had the most wonderful effect upon the history of this Nation of any utterance that was ever made by any American citizen; and it gave to Mr. Jackson the greatest part of his enduring fame. Everyone who heard him knew that he meant every word he said, and that there was going to be no nullification of Federal law; and there was not. It was one of his greatest victories. Greater than any of his military victories, greater than any of his political victories—as marvelous as they were—greater than any of his personal victories, greater than any of his victories of statesmanship, was this victory won by that great man at this dinner party.

In so far as the history of this Government is concerned, in so far as the history of the American people is concerned, in so far as the destiny of this Nation is concerned, that single utterance has had the most far-reaching effect upon our Nation of any utterance or of any act of any American ever recorded. With a man like Jackson behind it, it put an end to nullification and it established for all time the commanding position of the Federal Union.

But for that utterance the Union might have speedily disintegrated. The forces of disintegration were stronger then than they ever were before or ever were afterwards. It was the personality and courage of Jackson that deferred the inevitable conflict for 30 years to a time when the forces of union were far stronger.

Andrew Jackson was a natural-born leader of men. While he had a violent temper, he was admittedly a gentleman. He was a patriot through and through. His physical courage knew no limit, and his moral courage was coextensive with his physical courage. He was a thinker and a doer. He loved his friends and hated his enemies. Coming from humble beginning, he made himself probably the strongest man that ever occupied the Presidency.

Mr. President, I am proud to come from the State that gave Andrew Jackson to this Republic. In my judgment, he was one of the greatest of all of our Presidents. He was perhaps the most successful President in getting through his every measure. He had his enemies. He never gave any quarter and he never asked any quarter. Whenever they put up their flag he was ready to fight, and he fought, and he won every fight.

His kindly private life is a monument and inspiration to everyone who believes in the purity and uprightness of the family life in America. His political life could well be emulated by the most ambitious of our citizens. His career as a citizen, as a statesman, as a builder in part of this great Republic, as a Congressman, a Senator, a judge, and as President was and will be an inspiration to men as long as time shall endure.

ADOPTION OF THE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

Mr. TYSON. Mr. President, I move the adoption of the concurrent resolution.

The concurrent resolution was considered by unanimous consent and unanimously agreed to.

ADJOURNMENT

Mr. JONES. Mr. President, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate (at 4 o'clock and 50 minutes p. m.) adjourned until to-morrow, Tuesday, April 17, 1928, at 12 o'clock meridian.

PROCEEDINGS AT UNVEILING IN STATUARY HALL

April 15, 1928

PRAYER BY

REV. NEWTON P. PATTERSON, D. D.

OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
WHERE GENERAL JACKSON WAS A REGULAR WORSHIPER

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we are met together in Statuary Hall in our National Capitol for the purpose of honoring the name and memory of the seventh President of these United States of America—Gen. Andrew Jackson. We turn our hearts and minds to Thee in humble recognition of Thy sovereignty. We acknowledge Thee as the God and Father of us all.

We invoke Thy blessings upon us as we gather together here in this fellowship. In this fellowship may we realize health, holiness, and happiness. We recognize Thee and pray that in Thy love we may have life, hope, and peace. Purify our thoughts with the breath of Thy presence, that the deepest yearning of our being may be ennobled by the power of our faith and exalted by the sanctity of reason into the majesty of prayer. Free us from the narrow, lonely lives we live into a larger, freer, more abundant life—a holy communion of mortals in the immortal realm.

Oh, Spirit of Holiness, kindle in us a flame of pure aspiration to consume all grosser passions. Hold before us constantly the brilliancy of that life which actuated the noble Jackson of the earlier centuries. Let the light of Thy countenance shine upon our way, and, if it may be, make us reflectors of that same light to shine upon the pathway of others who may follow after us.

In the midst of hurrying days and the very shifting human scenes teach us how to live in the sanctuary of the eternal and in good and wholesome fellowship with each other and even with all mankind. Let not the glitter and hardness of a complex civilization blind us to the fact that we are citizens of the larger units—municipalities, States,

or even the Nation—but are citizens of a world-wide brotherhood. Fill our minds with wisdom, fill our hearts with tenderness, and our hands with humble and useful service. Take all reluctance out of our obedience and all bitterness out of our endurance, and let Thy laws become songs in the house of our pilgrimage. Unite us with all lovers of goodness and give us courage and faithfulness to follow the ways of Thy teachings in spirit and in truth.

To Thy loving kindness we offer our prayer in the name of Him who walked the road of the great loving heart, even Jesus Christ, our Lord and Master. Amen.

OPENING ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDING OFFICER

MRS. FLORA MYERS GILLENTINE

PAST STATE REGENT OF TENNESSEE
AND PAST VICE PRESIDENT GENERAL, DAUGHTERS OF
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Man's test is memory's treasured store;
What past, he holds for conning o'er.

MEMORY is a vital rung in the ladder on which man has climbed above the level of the beast. Through it the inspiration and experience, not only of his own past, but of that of the race, is at his daily service.

Official recognition of the constant need of a reminder resulted in the congressional act of 1864, by which—

> The President is authorized to invite all the States to provide and furnish statues in marble or bronze, not exceeding two in number for each State, of deceased persons who have been citizens thereof and illustrious for their historic renown or for distinguished civic or military services * * *. The same shall be placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives * * * which is set apart, or so much thereof as may be necessary, as a national Statuary Hall for the purpose herein indicated.

In response to this invitation, Tennessee is proud now to place in the Nation's Capitol this statue, cast in bronze, mounted on Tennessee marble, of her most dynamic and colorful son, Andrew Jackson, confident that not even her gleaming marble can prove more enduring than the potent influence of his personality and example, more pure than the spotless honesty of his character, more unyielding than his iron will when enlisted in the popular service. Our trail to this shrine was not dim. It was worn deep by his tread in the flesh responding to the call of national service. No less than five times did he tread it in response to popular call—each time to the Nation's good. In 1797, as Senator, he set an example

worthy of observance in that body even to the present day—saying little, but thoughtfully pondering his problem. In 1829 he came, a militant crusader, to crush an insidious monopoly and insist that the Nation's spyglass embrace in its sweep the western horizon as well as the eastern seascape.

But Jackson's services were not all in Washington. My embarrassment in pointing his claims to a people's grateful remembrance lies in their very abundance. Tennessee's "marvel militia" and its supreme court both bore his stamp. Its constitution echoed his voice. He was the original "Florida booster," and soon held the whole territory on an option for the Nation. Napoleon-conquering veterans crumbled before his cotton-bale barricade. Even a Horseshoe Bend afforded Indians no talismanic defense against his luck, plus his pluck.

From another point of view he merits immortality. In many respects Andrew Jackson was the first real American, a typical frontier product. He was the first President to be called from the heart of the Nation—the first to discover a trail back eastward across the mountains to the White House; he was the first Chief Executive to sponsor unreservedly the direct and universal rule of the whole people; the first to make of the presidential office a commanding, directing agency in the accomplishment of programs approved by the popular will in regular elections. He was the first of the sturdy, self-taught "personages of the ranks" to be called to the exalted office of the Presidency.

For such exalted position perhaps none have ever entered upon its duties with less of scholastic preparation; perhaps none have ever equaled him in the extent and value of accomplishment. His was a genius for effective service ranging over many fields. The baton of the marshal, the bench of the judge, the commission of the territorial governor, the floor of Congress, the chair of the Chief Executive, all found in him a dominating, original, and conspicuously successful master.

It is eminently fitting that this presentation be made in the year 1928, the hundredth anniversary of the Nation's call to Jackson to take the helm of Government. To-day there is unusual need that that same Nation recall for its guidance his spirit, his zeal, his political faith. The continuance of that thoroughgoing, universal democracy which he did so much to establish is being widely questioned. While plutocracy plucks at power with its questionable millions shall democracy be thus openly bought in this slave's market? In such a day well may a grateful people point to the prophet statesman, Andrew Jackson, and borrowing the old slogan declare in his stirring voice: "Let the people rule." To such a dedication are we called; to a dedication as complete, to a zeal as tireless, to a loyalty as unswerving, to a fearlessness as militant, and to a patriotism as dynamic.

PRESENTATION BY HONORABLE HENRY H. HORTON

GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE

Mr. President, in behalf of the people of the State of Tennessee I present to you, as Chief Executive of the Nation, for its Hall of Fame, this statue of a great President, a great statesman, and a great soldier, but, greater still, this statue of a man.

ADDRESS BY

HONORABLE CALVIN COOLIDGE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN, one of the great sources of the strength of our country has been the pioneering spirit. It was characteristic of those who first settled on our shores and was the cause of a resistless march to the Pacific Ocean. Our people have ever been going forth into the forest and over the plain to establish themselves in the region of the unknown. They have sought for new fields to conquer. They have been pioneers, however, not only in the physical world, but in the realm of ideas. In science and invention, and especially in the art of government and of social relations, they have taken a dominant part. The frontier has long since disappeared, the opportunity for exploration into unfrequented lands is gone, we seek no additional territory, but the ambition to enter uncharted regions of industry, of enterprise, of social relations, and of thought continues with increasing fervor.

We would miss much of the significance and meaning of the history of the United States unless we took into account this outstanding quality. Our whole outlook has been greatly influenced by it. It is the complete antithesis of all systems of class and caste. Under some theories of human society, theories which have been of value in their time in effecting the organization of a people and bringing them into that condition of order which is the necessary preliminary of enlightened progress, all persons were born to a certain station and oftentimes to a certain locality, which they were supposed to hold during their lifetime. They found that not only their place in life, but also their thought, had been previously ordained for them. It was for the purpose of escaping

from this doctrine that this Nation came into existence. The people who came here were seeking freedom of action and freedom of mind. The great revelation of our country has been that men are not born to servitude and obscurity. They are born to all the possibilities of a glorious station which can be won by their own achieving.

This is our national epic, exemplified in the lives of those whom we are most desirous to honor. It is the story of small beginnings which have developed into great concerns. It is the life of men born amid the surroundings of great hardship and great privations, who, through their own exertions and the confidence which their character has inspired in their fellow men, have risen to positions of influence and importance in private affairs and public office. It is a record of untiring effort, undaunted courage, and persevering will, all of which have set an inextinguishable mark upon the history of our country.

One of the outstanding figures which so well represents this development of our national life is Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States. He was born in such obscurity in 1767 that two States have claimed his birthplace, though he himself stated that it was South Carolina. Only two years previously his parents had come from County Antrim, Ireland. A few days before his birth his father died. When he was only 14 his mother passed away, leaving her son entirely alone and without property. She was a Scotch Presbyterian of marked piety and cherished the hope that her boy would become a minister. We can catch but a fleeting glance of her as she passes off the stage of existence, but it is sufficient to win our admiration and create a desire for a better acquaintance. Her memory must have been an inspiration to the great man she bore.

The young man had some common-school education, sufficient for the transaction of ordinary business affairs, but while he was constantly seeking for practical information he never came to care

for learning for its own sake. Thrown on his own resources as he was, he grew up proud and high tempered, oftentimes violent in his disposition, and considerably interested in the sports of the countryside. He soon started to study law and began its practice when he was scarcely 21.

In 1788 he established himself on the soil of Tennessee, where he was destined to become her most renowned citizen. The next year he was solicitor of one of the districts and the year following United States attorney. In 1796 he was chosen the first Member of Congress from the new State. He showed that he held opinions of his own by opposing a resolution in the House commending President Washington on his last annual address. At the age of 30 he was elected to the United States Senate, but resigned at the end of the first session, and the following year became a justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court, where he served six years and then resigned. It was during this interval that he became a major general of militia. While he had held many public offices, he had likewise resigned from many. In 1804 he sought appointment as Governor of New Orleans, and apparently never forgave President Jefferson for refusing his request.

From this date until he was given a command in the War of 1812 he spent considerable time tilling the soil, in which he was moderately successful. His high temper brought him into some quarrels. The society of that day was in the flux, customs were in the making, men were obliged to rely somewhat on themselves for the defense of what they believed to be their rights.

Placed in command of 2,500 volunteers, in 1813 he marched toward New Orleans. When he had reached Natchez, Miss., he was directed to disband his forces. Because this would leave them stranded, he had the order modified and marched back to Tennessee. The hardships which he endured on this march won for him the title of Old Hickory. An uprising of the Creek Indians in Mississippi and Alabama caused him to be sent into that district, where

he forced them to terms of peace. It was during 1814 that he became a full major general in the Regular Army, in command of the Department of the South. From that time on he became a national figure. In the late fall he invaded Florida, then a Spanish Province, it was claimed without orders, and captured Pensacola on the ground that it was a base used by English troops. Going from there to New Orleans, he began the defense of that city. He was attacked by the British and defeated them in the famous battle of the 8th of January, 1815.

Though a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent on the 24th of December, news of it did not reach New Orleans until February 19, and official notice not until March 13. This impetuous warrior took a personal satisfaction in a victory over some of the troops who had humbled Napoleon, especially because of a scar from a British saber which he had received in childhood during the Revolutionary War. This brilliant achievement did much to redeem other reverses which our forces had suffered on land. It revealed the remarkable fighting qualities of the hardy frontier riflemen when they were properly led, as the almost unbroken line of victories on the water had demonstrated the remarkable capacity of our sailors. General Jackson had now become undoubtedly the foremost military hero of his country.

His turbulent temper still followed him. New Orleans being under martial law, he was soon engaged in altercations with the civil authorities. He did not hesitate to arrest judges and the United States attorney when they interfered with his orders. A curious sequence followed. When civil authority was resumed, he submitted to a fine of $1,000 for contempt of court.

"I have during the invasion," he said, "exerted every one of my facilities for the defense and preservation of the Constitution and the laws. * * * Considering obedience to the laws, even when we think them unjustly applied, is the first duty of the

citizen. * * * I entreat you to remember the example I have given you of respectful submission to the administration of justice."

Nearly 30 years later the Congress remitted the fine with interest.

This was a most significant statement. It might well have been pondered by those who were undertaking to argue away the Constitution after General Jackson became President. Here was a man who stood ready to fight a duel, if he thought the circumstances required it, of an impetuous nature and impatient of all restraint, yet clearly announcing the supremacy of law. More than that, he was acting upon that principle. When the city was under martial law he required that his orders should be obeyed, as he clearly had a right to do. When it was under civil law he cheerfully submitted to a judgment of the court which he thought unjust. He believed that at all times and in all places the duly constituted authority of law should be supreme.

During the next few years he was engaged in the Indian wars. He again invaded Florida. If he had any order for this, it was not authentic. St. Marks and Pensacola, which he had captured, were restored, and the general's course was defended on the theory that he was pursuing an enemy. After the purchase of Florida was ratified in 1821, Jackson became its first governor. The Army being reduced, he was discharged as a major general. He remained in Florida long enough to come into conflict with the former Spanish governor and the judge, after which he resigned and returned to his home. Notwithstanding the many animosities that he had aroused, he remained an outstanding, popular figure.

Already, he was being considered for the Presidency. He was again sent to the United States Senate in 1823, where he voted for increased tariff rates and certain internal improvements. He was in the presidential race in the national campaign in 1824, receiving 99 electoral votes against 84 for Adams, 41 for Crawford, and 37 for

Clay. This threw the election into the House of Representatives, where John Quincy Adams secured the votes of 13 States against 7 for Jackson and 4 for Crawford. The support of Clay went to Adams on the theory that a civilian was preferable to a military man. The appointment of Clay as Secretary of State was, therefore, severely criticized by the followers of General Jackson. Following his past custom he resigned from the Senate in 1825.

In the campaign of 1828 General Jackson achieved a remarkable victory, securing 178 electoral votes, while John Quincy Adams received but 83. The popular vote was 648,000 against 508,000. John C. Calhoun was reelected Vice President. He undoubtedly expected to succeed President Jackson, who had been an advocate of one term, and the Vice President had several of his friends in the Cabinet. Except for the Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, and Secretary of War, the President was little influenced by his Cabinet. He often sought the advice of other men on questions of policy. He was regarded as a President of the people, and in seeking to remove their burdens and improve their condition he favored economy and payment of the public debt. When this should be done, he favored dividing the surplus revenues among the States. He also criticized the United States Bank and advised taking up the question of extending its charter, which was not to expire until 1836. During 1830 he broke with Calhoun, which necessitated a reorganization of the Cabinet. He vetoed the bill to assist in constructing a highway in Kentucky, on the old principle that widespread internal improvements were unconstitutional.

The President was soon engaged in his great contest to prevent the recharter of the United States Bank. A great amount of bitterness prevailed and there was a broad appeal to class prejudice. Those supporting the bank were charged with representing an aristocratic tendency in society intent upon creating an overmastering money power. Those who opposed it contended that they were

defending the rights of the people and resisting the encroachment of monopoly. At the same time they questioned the constitutional power of the Congress to establish a bank. The bill, however, was passed late in the spring of 1832, just as the presidential campaign was beginning, and was promptly vetoed by the President in a message of great force and character.

The popularity of his administration was demonstrated at the election, where he received 219 electoral votes against 67 for all others. Students of his career have thought that he considered this a complete approval of his entire public life and a complete disapproval of all those who had ever differed with him on any subject. But with the work he had before him, it was fortunate that he had secured such a popular indorsement and was well endowed with self-confidence, backed by an iron will.

South Carolina had been very much opposed to the duties imposed by the tariff law. On November 24, 1832, that State passed its famous nullification ordinance, which undertook to set aside the tariff within its territory. This policy had been discussed in the Senate in the famous debate between Webster and Hayne in January, 1830. At a Jefferson Day dinner the following April, President Jackson had proposed the toast:

> Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!

At the same time Calhoun had argued that liberty was of more importance than the Union. Without reference to his former views on the tariff or State rights, when this ordinance was passed, President Jackson declared:

> The duty of the Executive is a plain one. The laws will be executed and the Union preserved by all the constitutional and legal means he is invested with.

He soon followed this with a proclamation denying the right of secession, refuting the power of a State to set aside an act of Congress, and asserting the supremacy of the Federal Constitution. This proclamation has been regarded as one of the best state papers

of any American President. It was thoroughly nationalist in spirit and had a profound effect. While the President was seeking authority to enforce the tariff laws Clay secured the passage of a compromise tariff measure, whereat South Carolina repealed the ordinance. A service of this nature, rather at variance with some of the positions he had formerly taken and some of the policies strongly supported in his own party, could only have been performed by a great man.

His fight on the bank was not yet ended. His next move was an attempt to withdraw the public deposits. Two Secretaries of the Treasury refused to take this action, and being displaced in turn Taney became Secretary of the Treasury long enough to transfer the Government funds to State banks. The elections of 1834 returned a majority favorable to the Jackson policies, so the bank charter expired in 1836. Of course, a violent change of this nature, affecting the financial policies of the Nation, was bound to have an economic effect throughout the country. Government funds in local banks were used for speculation, which, as usual, brought the reaction of depression. Opinions have differed concerning the United States Bank, but no one doubts the great courage of President Jackson in opposing it or the public approbation he received in support of his policy. A great financial contest of such a nature was bound to have some depressing effect upon values all over the Nation. But the President had won so completely that two resolutions of criticism for removing the deposits, passed by the Senate in 1834, were expunged from the Journal on January 16, 1837.

For his successor he dictated the nomination of Van Buren and saw him elected by a good margin. He had already made Van Buren Vice President to retaliate upon Calhoun, who had cast the deciding vote refusing to confirm him as minister to England.

The latter months of the administration saw reflected in the country the need of a better currency and banking system, but the

national debt had been all paid off and the revenues were so large that provision was made for their distribution among the States in return for negotiable certificates of deposit. This policy was questioned by the President in his message of 1836 and did not prove to be salutary.

On the 7th of March, 1837, he set out for his old home, The Hermitage. He had triumphed over opponents who were considered then, and rank now, among the great statesmen of his day. Calhoun had gone down on nullification. The great figure of Daniel Webster had stood with the President on that issue, but had opposed his banking policies. Clay had compromised and lost. In his travels about the country it was evident that Jackson was idolized by the people. He never failed to support what he believed to be their interests. As the first Congressman from Tennessee he set a high standard in the Federal service which that State has never failed to maintain. If at times he was high tempered and overbearing, there is no fairer story of chivalrous devotion and affectionate consideration than that which he lavished upon his wife. In her benign presence he was all submission.

History accords him one of the high positions among the great names of our country. He gave to the nationalist spirit through loyalty to the Union a new strength which was decisive for many years. His management of our foreign affairs was such as to secure a wholesome respect for our Government and the rights of its citizens. He left the Treasury without obligations and with a surplus. Coming up from the people, he demonstrated that there is sufficient substance in self-government to solve important public questions and rise superior to a perplexing crisis. Like a true pioneer, he broke through all the restraints and impediments into which he was born, and leaving behind the provincialisms and prejudices of his day pushed out toward a larger freedom and a sounder Government, carrying the country with him.

In recognition of the great qualities of her most illustrious son, the State of Tennessee has presented his statue to the National Government. In gratitude for the preeminent service which he rendered, I, as President of the United States, accept it, to stand here in the Hall of Fame so long as this Capitol shall endure.

ADDRESS BY

HONORABLE HENRY H. HORTON

GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE

MR. PRESIDENT, gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives, Daughters of the American Revolution, ladies and gentlemen, as chief executive of the Commonwealth which has given to the Nation the seventh, the eleventh, and the seventeenth Presidents of the United States, there devolves upon me the pleasing duty of presenting to his country's Hall of Fame the statue of Andrew Jackson, the first of Tennessee's sons to wear this wreath of memory and immortality. This privilege, indeed, is mine, but the authority comes from the people of the State of Tennessee, unanimously voiced by the sixty-fifth session of the Legislature of the State and embodied in its public acts. Their generous appropriation made possible this statue of her great son to rest on this its pedestal of achievement and in the Capitol of the Nation, where as Chief Executive for eight years he earned his greatest fame. It is fitting and appropriate that he should stand here, companionate with many of his colleagues and colaborers, who, while they lived, faltered not with him in sacrifices and service and now in death share with him the veneration and love of their countrymen. He stands indeed among his friends. What heroic souls of granite and bronze welcome him into their marbled Valhalla!

Washington, colossal in that integrity and simplicity which alone is greatness, was first to recognize, in the courage and steadfastness of the young practitioner before the wilderness courts, the coming usefulness of the man and signed his commission as prosecuting attorney in the extreme frontier district of Miro, in western North Carolina—now Nashville and middle Tennessee. Webster,

from the granite hills of his native New Hampshire—greatest of the New World's orators, the Demosthenes of democracy, the fire of whose logic and eloquence was the artillery that hurled Jackson's solid shots from the White House against the foregatherers of disunion: "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Benton, the great Senator whom Tennessee gave to Missouri, the youngest and most beloved of Jackson's trusted lieutenants, who led his Tennesseeans down the old Natchez Trace to avenge Frenchtown and the River Raisin—the Old Bullion of democracy, the author of the expunging resolution that wiped from the records the false accusations of his old chief's enemies. Francis P. Blair, from the same State, Jackson's greatest editor and advisor, and William Allen, of Ohio, and Lewis Cass; and here, in graceful hunting shirt of the frontiersman, the leggings of the Indian, and the bowie blade of the Texan, stands Sam Houston, 100 years ago to-day Tennessee's popular young governor. As a youth of 20 it was he who led Jackson's Tennesseeans to victory over the Creek barricade of death with a barbed arrow in his groin and two bullets that shattered his breast, ending the war that made famous his chief. From President of the Republic of Texas he rode horseback a thousand miles to close his old chief's dying eyes. What a galaxy of ghostly greatness surrounds us!

Here, in this Hall, Madison was twice inaugurated President of the United States—in 1809 and 1813. Monroe, for his second term, in 1821, and Millard Fillmore on the 10th day of July, 1850. Here Clay presided as Speaker, Webster thundered, John Quincy Adams died, and Abraham Lincoln began to live. Like the angel aerial of fiery light they have passed into the twilight in flames of glory that have kindled to white heat the souls of men. Indeed, Jackson stands among his peers.

It is not my purpose in this brief time assigned me to dwell on the life and character of Andrew Jackson. This has been reserved for others who will follow and complete these exercises. But permit

me to picture him as we of Tennessee love most to remember him: Not on the field of battle, conqueror of the Creeks and winner of the most brilliant and far-reaching victory ever fought on American soil, not as a justice of our supreme court, nor as Congressman, Senator, or even as Chief Executive of a Nation—the first to turn Jefferson's great vision of democracy into a reality—but we would speak of him as the kindly neighbor, the devoted friend, thoughtful of others, given to charity, as approachable as a county squire and as generous as the prince that he was—the country gentleman of The Hermitage. We would tell of him as the best farmer of Davidson County, with the best-tilled land and the cleanest fence corners; the most noted breeder of Black Poll cattle and black-faced sheep; the greatest breeder and patron of blooded horses, who took no man's dust nor distance and carried him over the long wilderness road with the same tireless gameness that filled his own great soul. We would tell of how he built neighborhood schools and churches chiefly with his own funds and the help of his neighbors.

The little brick Presbyterian church he built for his beloved Rachel still stands a shrine at The Hermitage. From his own abundant crops his teams put corn in the cribs of the destitute and bacon in their larders. He had that rugged gift of honesty that made men believe in him—made the world believe in him. We would illustrate this by his personal credit, which was so strong that his name on the notes of a bank in far-away Philadelphia or New York sold at a premium. We might show you in the archives of our State a canceled warrant where, in the emergency of the crisis of the defense of New Orleans, he borrowed $25,000 on his own note after they had turned down the draft of the Secretary of War. We might show you his canceled check for $1,000, his fine paid to the civil courts of New Orleans for the astounding contempt of saving their city from capture. How he pledged his credit to borrow $300,000 from the treasury of Tennessee to fight

the Creek War and Battle of New Orleans, ending in a blaze of glory for American arms in the war which, until he came upon the field, had only brought us humiliation and defeat. We might show how he voluntarily gave up his first home in Tennessee—Hunter's Hill—and in all 30,000 acres of land to pay an indorsement debt and moved farther into the wilderness to live in a log cabin he called The Hermitage, even after his fame had encompassed the world. That log cabin to-day is a shrine; and though dead for over three-quarters of a century, Andrew Jackson is to-day the most influential, the most personal, the greatest inspiration, and the most alive citizen of the State.

ADDRESS BY

MRS. ARTHUR S. BUCHANAN

STATE REGENT OF TENNESSEE
OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

I FEEL that it is a great privilege on this epochal occasion for Tennesseeans to pay a brief tribute from the Tennessee Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to our hero-statesman, President Andrew Jackson.

It has been a great privilege to hear our honored governor present this statue to the Nation, and a great pleasure to hear the President of the United States accept it with such gracious words of appreciation.

It is good to see President Jackson standing here; too long has he been absent from this galaxy of heroes, and I believe there is no man in this great company who served his time and his country more ably and conscientiously than he did.

We are used to breeding heroes in Tennessee; our stalwart, storm-tossed, virile State has ever had a place in the national picture "near the flashing of the guns." It was a fitting background for this bold, dynamic figure.

Jackson's was always a name to conjure with. His soldiers worshiped him, and they do say that amid the mist-clad hills of Tennessee you may still catch the echo of his bugle calling his volunteers to arms.

We wonder as we see him standing here, his old friends and foes grouped about him, if he is dreaming backward over that long life of his, so packed with incident, adventure, and achievement, that it might be called the great American epic. Is he thinking of the bitter hardships of his childhood, lighted only with his mother's love and the blaze of his boyish courage, or dreaming of his hardy

youth when he helped to build a great Commonwealth? Does he recall the ensanguined fields of his Indian warfare? Does he remember New Orleans, where he went flaming from his Tennessee mountains to defend with his untrained volunteers a thousand miles of coast without a fort garrisoned or adequately armed? Does he dream of his bitter political battles, when his keen intellect and singular power of directness pierced the splendid rhetoric and finished periods of the orators of that stirring time, sharper than any two-edged sword?

Does he remember nullification and smile across the chamber at Calhoun? Does he remember the removal of the United States deposits from the great bank—the consternation of the financiers? And does he again rear that old white-crested head and say, "By the Eternal, sirs, I take the responsibility"?

Alas, he may not answer us, but we can say that with love and pride Tennessee has given into the keeping of the Nation he helped to build, and which he loved so well, this statue of Gen. Andrew Jackson.

From a patriot's dream
And a soldier's sword
Was liberty won.
May the trails that they blazed
And the standards they raised
Live on and on.

ADDRESS BY

MRS. ALFRED J. BROSSEAU

PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE DAUGHTERS
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IT IS particularly fitting that in the great Capitol of a great Nation there should be unveiled this marble bust in honor of the seventh President of the United States.

By such act the devoted and admiring men and women of Andrew Jackson's adopted State are not only placing an imperishable memorial in the Hall of Fame but they are also honoring themselves and the fine old State of Tennessee as well.

Our young Republic had few such patriots as this remarkable man. His country was his all-absorbing passion and he glorified every act of service by his sacrificial patriotism.

No other actor in the great drama of our colonial history has created more vivid and lasting mental pictures. No one individual has thrilled the student of that stirring period to a greater extent than this soldier who fought relentlessly under the strain of physical handicaps that would have rendered the average human being impotent.

One historian said of Andrew Jackson:

> It is no wonder that this slender 6-footer should have been called "Old Hickory," for he could be bent in the heat and anguish of conflict but never could be broken.

Seldom quiet in body, mind, or spirit—often in the thick of some terrible conflict—he always retained the respect of those whom he opposed and not infrequently fought and vanquished. Indeed, the soul of that intrepid soldier-patriot will go marching on long after the more peaceable ones of earth have been forgotten.

I need not reiterate, for all the world knows that the administration of Andrew Jackson as President of the United States furnishes an illustration of the influence that one far-visioned man can exert in shaping the destinies of a country. Under a Chief Executive less inflexible, courageous, and intelligent the young country could hardly, with its existing handicaps, have made such remarkable progress.

To women the infinitely tender side of this tempestuous man will ever carry a singular appeal. His beautiful devotion to his wife, Rachel, has placed him among the truly great lovers of the world. The sunset of her life came just as the culminating honors and rewards of his career were reached and his days thereafter were deeply shadowed.

In this workaday world, in these restive times when pleasure, pain, misunderstanding, and inordinate ambition crowd close upon the softer, sweeter aspects of existence, such a picture of true devotion and beautiful felicity should be cherished.

In dwelling upon this phase of Andrew Jackson's remarkable and colorful life I feel as though I were opening a long-closed door and inhaling the fragrance of old lavender. In our minds and hearts may the honoring of him to-day run the gamut of human emotions, from the pinnacle of unselfish service and great achievement down to the simplicity of tender domestic ties and love of home.

Especially significant is the acceptance of this splendid memorial to a President of the far South by a President of the distant North. Time rolls back the curtain of life and the two great leaders clasp hands across the ages.

To Washington—this pied-à-terre of common ownership—have journeyed reverent sons and daughters of Andrew Jackson's own Southland. Down from the North have come many to greet and to share with them in this public tribute to their beloved statesman.

May all such gatherings of mutual interest tend toward a better and a higher patriotism, toward a deeper understanding and stronger

ties of comradeship between the States which Andrew Jackson kept united because he believed in national unity.

Were he here to-day he would, I am sure, share the sentiments expressed in the following bit of verse written by a young soldier of the North during the World War:

Here's to the Blue of the wind-swept North,
When we meet on the fields of France:
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the North advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sun-kissed South,
When we meet on the fields of France:
May the spirit of Lee be with you all
As the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the Blue and Gray as one,
When we meet on the fields of France:
May the spirit of God be with you all
As the sons of the Flag advance.

ADDRESS BY

MR. CLAUDE G. BOWERS

OF NEW YORK

ANDREW JACKSON, above all men, was the sword bearer of democracy in America. He translated the democratic philosophy of Jefferson into reality. He found the masses of the people potentially free, he made them free. He found popular government challenged by the most powerful financial institution of his time, and, accepting the challenge, he smote it hip and thigh and sent it staggering back before his blows to wait for better times.

Because he was the most picturesque of the Presidents, too many, perhaps, are prone to think of him as the D'Artagnan of the far frontier, a rough and ready fighter of the forest, honest, but impetuous to the point of temerity. We love him for his physical courage that never quailed before man born of woman. We picture him as a child of poverty and obscurity fighting for our independence and proudly bearing the scars upon his breast; as the impulsive dare-devil who broke through the barbed-wire entanglements of diplomacy in the memorable dash on Florida; and as the dynamic commander of the little band of soldiers of the woods who met the enemy at New Orleans and brilliantly avenged the humiliations of an unhappy war. We love him for his flaming passions, the dexterity of his sword, and the unvarying gallantry of his conduct—and all these things are fine. But it is not for these that men do reverence to his memory through succeeding generations; and not for these that we unveil this statue here to-day. Peace hath higher tests of manhood than battle ever knew, and Jackson's greatest services to the people were not with sword and musket in his hand but with a passionate devotion to liberty and democracy in his heart.

With independence won, we see this youthful veteran of the war turn his face to the western wilderness to fight another battle for its redemption to the purposes of man. We like to think of him braving the perils of the onward march at the head of a procession of hardy, liberty-loving men in coonskin cap and buckskin breeches. Because nature made him a leader, the men of the settlements and the log cabins in the clearings turned to him in the molding of a society that should be dedicated to liberty and democracy forever. He was the Thomas Jefferson of the Cumberland. He felt what Jefferson reasoned out. He found liberty in the unfettered life about him and democracy in the sanity and sound sense of stalwart men carving an empire out of the wilderness and depending wholly on their own brain and brawn. And he felt that men capable of creating organized society are entitled to control it. His was the democracy that blossoms freest at the edge of the woods.

Thus these bold conquerors of wild places turned to him to lead them to the ways of stability and order; and they followed him on foot and horseback along the streams and over the narrow trails to the constitutional convention at Knoxville. It did its work with that facility and felicity that goes with the doing of sound elemental things which are always simple; and all the intervening years have not improved on the spirit of that first fundamental law.

Every man was given the right to vote, and Jackson fought for the principle all his life.

Every citizen was given the right to speak his honest thought, and he always stood for that.

Every man and woman should have the right to worship God according to the dictates of the conscience, and Jackson was always the synonym of toleration.

And in that document was one provision that breathed the very soul of Jackson, exacting from every future legislator the solemn pledge "never to consent to any act or thing whatever that shall have even a tendency to lessen the rights of the people." That pledge he took and kept, and here in later years he fought that fight

and won a victory that consolidated and vindicated all the triumphs of democracy from the time of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Andrew Jackson was the organizer of democracy. He found the masses helpless and futile in the midst of their tools, and he taught them how to use them. He mobilized the scattered forces of ordinary men; vitalized them with his energy, fired them with his faith, and made sharpshooters of them, every one. He made the trapper in the wilderness, the worker on the wharf, the toiler in the factory, and the farmer in the field realize that the Government is his government in days of peace as well as when he is solemnly reminded of it in days of battle.

Thus he found politics an exclusive thing; he made it democratic. He regimented the masses in each community, coordinated their activities, and created leaders in every hamlet and bade them follow these as they had followed him upon the field of battle.

When they reminded him that these men of the masses were untrained in government, he answered that in a democracy it was high time to train them. When the timid cringed at the thought of these crude folk being awakened to a realization of their civic power, he consoled himself with the reflection that they were the same crude folk who battled behind him at New Orleans. He knew that men good enough to die for the Republic are good enough to have a voice in the determination of its destiny; and he knew that a nation that will exact a life and withhold a civic right is not fit to live.

Thus for some years he sat at The Hermitage busy with his pen, perfecting and consolidating a political organization along popular lines that penetrated to every nook and corner; and when at length he sounded the clarion call to battle the people rose en masse, crowded the highways with their marching columns, trampling down prejudice and precedent, and moving on to victory.

When Andrew Jackson vitalized and dynamitized American democracy he rendered a greater service to the Nation than through any of his splendid triumphs in the field. Jefferson gave the people

the machinery of democracy; Jackson made them mechanicians. Jefferson gave them an idea, and Jackson gave them a sword.

Some historians are chortling still because Jackson threw open the people's house to the people, who crowded in with muddy boots to celebrate his triumph. He knew that nations are made by such as these from the corn rows and the woods and shops, and not by the gamblers in stocks and bonds.

And Jackson was sorely needed at the helm 100 years ago. There was one outstanding question then—whether America should be dominated by a democracy or plutocracy. A financial group under the direction of the National Bank had seized on power. It had its ramifications everywhere. Its lobby here held open house. When Nicholas Biddle, of the bank, came down he came as the conqueror comes, almost with flying banners and the roll of drums, and representatives of the people hastened to his presence at his beck and call, and he made it worth their while. Statesmen, not a few, were given money, and he called it loans, without security. Newspapers, all too many, were subsidized to do the master's work, and he called it loans for the encouragement of the press. The greatest statesman of them all, whose rounded periods our children still recite, sat in this very Capitol when the fight between Jackson and the bank began and wrote to Biddle soliciting "a refreshment of my retainer."

And when Jackson was warned that this great money power, with its control of credit and its corruption squad in public places, was too powerful to attack, he swore "by the Eternal" that if any set of men had that much power they had too much power in a democracy to live.

We know the story of the memorable fight that followed. The grim old warrior grappled with the Congress and prevailed, and the fight was finally waged before the people. It was a major conflict between men and money, and as in all such struggles it seemed at first that the heavy artillery was on the side of money.

It controlled the greater portions of the press by subsidy or through snobbery. It used its money to flood the country with poison propaganda. It forced business to do its bidding through its

control of credit. It called in loans and restricted credit to curtail the work of industry, and when laborers were turned out into the street its orators, the greatest and most persuasive in the land, mingled hypocritical sympathy with denunciations of the tyrant who was wrecking the business fabric of the Nation. When the fight was fiercest and the heavy artillery of the combined forces of snobbery and plutocracy were belching thunder, and some of the stoutest hearted of his supporters quailed, he stood alone, unmoved, uncompromising as the ripraps in Virginia looking out upon the sea, and said:

> Providence may change my determination, but man can no more do it than he can remove these ripraps which have resisted the rolling of the ocean from the beginning of time.

And the people had faith in Jackson because he had faith in them, and moving in mighty columns to the attack they scored a victory that literally preserved democracy in America and set an inspiring example for posterity to follow.

As he had made the people preeminent in the State, he made the Republic respected as it never had been before among the nations of the world. In the field of foreign relations his administration was marked by a procession of triumphs under the flag of peace. Where his predecessors had, with one exception, kept the peace, he linked peace with a prestige such as we had never known before.

No President has ever been more wisely served in the State Department. Martin Van Buren, suave, courtly, and learned in the laws of nations; Edward Livingston, brilliant, polished, cautious, and courageous, whose name was known to thinkers in every capital because of his famous code; John Forsyth, familiar with the courts and chancellories, with velvet glove concealing well the iron hand within—these were the mentors of his foreign policy.

And through these he wrought results that lifted the young Republic to a position of dignity and respect among the powers. He found a general disposition to presume upon our weakness; he changed it by a show of strength. He found our claims to indemnity for spoliations lightly brushed aside through four administrations; he forced the consideration and the recognition of these claims.

Thus France for 30 years had refused to consider our claim for spoliations in the Napoleonic wars; he forced a settlement and she paid. Thus Naples saw the drift and paid, and Denmark fell in line, followed by Portugal and Spain, and wiped out old liabilities with indemnities. He sought results on the justice of our claims, without the rattling of the sword; but when the pirates of Sumatra stole our goods and murdered our people on the seas his shimmering sword instantly was out waving our infant Navy to the scene, and these outlaws of far waters were driven to their dens and notice served on all mankind that Americans everywhere are covered by the protection of our flag, and followed, if need be, by the thunder of our guns.

But the supreme triumph which marked the first awakening of the world to the advent of a new power among the nations came with the triumphant culmination of the controversy with the French. Long years before treaties of indemnity had been negotiated with every nation in the world — with all but us. Jackson determined to compel an equal consideration for our claims. A treaty was signed whereby France was to pay the indemnity and we were to admit French wines duty free. Congress immediately carried out our part of the agreement; the House of Deputies manifested no disposition to conform. Session after session passed with no suggestion of an appropriation. Jackson sent Livingston to France to persuade a settlement; and when Lafayette suggested that because of the political situation in France there would be no settlement until Jackson struck a vigorous note, he asked authority from Congress to make reprisals on French commerce as a last resort. Instantly the storm broke in both countries, to serve party politics in both. At length, with diplomatic relations broken and the two nations on the verge of war, England offered mediation. Jackson accepted, with the Jacksonian proviso that the decision must go our way; France, having no will to war, played blind to the proviso, and in the end, with the money paid, America had scored a diplomatic triumph of the first magnitude.

Now, there was no real quarrel between the peoples of the two nations; their friendship, deep-seated in sacred memories, forbade. There was no real quarrel between the two Executives; they were agreed. If we were driven to the verge of war, it was because of party politics in the French House of Deputies and the American Congress. It was a politicians' quarrel, vicious and dishonorable, and an infamous quarrel, ready to wreck an ancient friendship to serve a petty party end.

It was in connection with that quarrel that a scene occurred in this very Hall reflecting glory on two great Americans which historians have seemed loath to touch upon, albeit one of the most inspiring in our history.

The debate on Jackson's policy was on here in what was then the House. The Whigs were making hypercritical attacks on Jackson as rash and dangerous. And then an old man rose from his seat over there, where later he fell, dying at his post of duty. If he were no friend of Jackson, and he was not, he was ever the friend of his country. He had been defeated by Jackson for reelection to the Presidency, and he was not on speaking terms. He was a leader of the opposing party. But the old man rose, prodded by the pettiness of his associates, to protest against the cowardly proposal to abandon the treaty, and, vibrant with feeling, the partisan absorbed in the patriot, he declared that Jackson's conduct "was high-spirited and lofty, such as became the individual from whom it emanated." And here in this Hall again, answering a sophisticated party speech of Webster's, who had said that on legalistic grounds the friends would have opposed Jackson's policy if the enemy had been hammering at the gates, the old man brushed Jackson's party aside to assume the leadership, and his voice rang like a clarion:

> Sir, for a man uttering such sentiments there would be but one step more, a natural and an easy one for him to take, and that would be to join the enemy in hammering at the gates.

With the Whigs dazed by the revolt and Jackson's supporters shouting their approval, and another son of Tennessee, James K. Polk, in the chair vainly pounding for order, John Quincy Adams

sank into his seat. A bronze tablet over there is said to mark the spot where Adams fell; to me it means the spot where Adams rose to the heights of patriotic manhood in magnificent defense of the robust Americanism of Andrew Jackson.

Andrew Jackson was a many-sided man. We think of him as a fighter, lusty and gusty, and so he was; but he was a lover, too. In all the records of romance you will search in vain for a more beautiful story of devotion than that of this grim man for his lost Rachel. Her picture stood through all the bitter days of his administrations on the table in his room, and every night this warrior lighted his kerosene lamp and read a while in Rachel's Bible as a tribute to her memory. There is something more than charming in the picture of this old man, who had fought his enemies tooth and nail throughout the day, walking the White House floor at night with a crying baby in his arms.

He was the soul of gallantry. He liked shirt sleeves, old shoes, and pipes, but in the presence of a woman he was the soul of chivalry; and many a worldly woman who went to be amused by the crudity of a woodsman went away with the conviction that she had met one of the finest gentlemen of the age.

He had the genius of adaptability. One day he rode up aristocratic Beacon Street in Boston on his way to Harvard to receive a degree. The blinds were drawn as an affront, albeit the aristocrats were peeking through, unable to resist the presence of a hero; and in his home near by John Quincy Adams sat grumbling over the degradation of his alma mater. And at the ceremonies at the university Jackson bore himself with such propriety and dignity and played his part with such consummate grace that the intelligencia was captivated by his charm.

He was a consummate actor. No one knew better when to play the lion and when the fox. Some of the historians have simulated a fastidious shock because of his mad scenes before the distress committees sent with bank money in their pockets to divert him from

his course, and they have conveyed the impression that the old man was half insane with rage. But we have the evidence of an opponent who came upon him as a delegation was departing to find him shaking with laughter until the tears rolled down his cheeks.

They thought me mad, Wise; they thought me mad. Well, I can do my share of the play acting if the stage is right.

No; he never lost his head in a crisis, and in his most tempestuous moments he thought as straight as he shot from among the cotton bales at New Orleans.

But first and foremost he was the happy warrior of civil liberty and democracy, and he fought for both from early manhood to trembling age. For the service of the average man he dwelt ever in his tent, alert, awake, his sword unsheathed and ready. The people loved him because he loved them first.

Here was a man who rose to supreme power and never forgot the side of the barricade on which he was born. His devotion to human rights did not blind him to the legitimate rights of property. He was not an enemy of business; he discriminated between business and brigandage, and he was so much the friend of honest business that he fought to make it free.

His love of liberty did not make him heedless of the need of stability and order, and he worshiped that liberty only which is made pregnant by the law.

His devotion to the sovereign rights of the States did not overshadow his love of the Union, and he who spoke in action rather than in words made one superb oration in a sentence:

Our Federal Union—it must be preserved!

He was a perfect judge of men and motives, and in the selection of his lieutenants he was wiser than the politicians of his day or the historians of our own. If some of these lieutenants could not read Homer in the original, all of them could translate the heartbeats of the people of the plains.

A lover of liberty, he gave his blood to it; a crusader of democracy, he gave his life to it; and liberty and democracy in America will never die so long as the people treasure the memory of his battles and follow the shimmer of Andrew Jackson's sword.

PRESENTATION OF THE SCULPTRESS

The PRESIDING OFFICER. At this time I wish to present the sculptress, Mrs. Belle Kinney Scholz, who collaborated with her illustrious husband, Leopold, in the creation of this magnificent statue of Andrew Jackson. She is a native of Tennessee.

[Mrs. Scholz rose, and bowed in acknowledgment]

ADDRESS BY

MRS. JAMES E. CALDWELL

REPRESENTING THE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES
IN THE CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF ANDREW JACKSON

WOMEN are the preservers of history, the priestesses of the past, and their ears shall not be deaf to the voices of time. We shall remember the deeds of our heroes and see that they have just recognition.

Tennessee could fill this Hall with statues of her illustrious sons, three of whom were Presidents of the United States—Jackson, Polk, and Johnson—the great empire builders who added one-third of the territory to our glorious America.

We gather here this afternoon to honor Gen. Andrew Jackson, a man known to all readers of history wherever the English language is spoken.

As this statue was made possible through the efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution of our State, aided by the pennies of our school children, it is fitting and appropriate to make mention of his domestic and family life.

General Jackson was a great warrior, but a greater patriot, because of his love of country, home, and family. In his beautiful home, The Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn., one feels the presence of his strong personality in the pictures, the state and personal papers, while his refinement of nature and taste is shown in the artistic furnishings and the quaint old flower garden, intact to-day, with the classic tomb erected by Jackson to his wife. He shows his chivalrous nature in the inscription to his beloved Rachel:

A being so gentle slander might wound but could not dishonor.

All through his troubled life as President the one soothing thought was his home in fair Tennessee. To finish his work and

rest once more under the shelter of The Hermitage was his constant thought, and now at last—

Deep in the shadow of the friendly trees
In that old garden of The Hermitage,
All color-crammed like some rare-pictured page
Whose quaint old patterns still essay to please;
Deep scarred and warworn, ends his pilgrimage,
Among the lily bells and wandering bees.
His troubled heart, fierce with world's unrest,
No longer throbs while beating to the tread
Of bugle-summoned, fear-defying horde;
But dust to dust, and still breast to breast,
Bravely content beside his gentle dead,
The warrior to the lover yields his sword.

BENEDICTION BY REV. NEWTON P. PATTERSON, D. D.
OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

And now may the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ANDREW JACKSON

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE

OF TENNESSEE

ANDREW JACKSON, seventh President of the United States: Born in Waxhaw settlement, in what was then Mecklenburg, but now Union County, N. C., March 15, 1767.

His father, by the same name, with his wife, Elizabeth Hutchinson, and two small boys, Hugh and Robert, had immigrated to America two years before and settled on Twelve Mile Creek in the Waxhaw settlement of North Carolina. He entered a small tract of inferior land on which he made only a small first payment, built for his family a log cabin, but succumbed to pneumonia and overwork two weeks before his son was born.

Her support gone, almost penniless, with two small boys and expecting daily the birth of a third child, Betty Jackson, cheerful, energetic, and of indomitable courage, put her boys and the few belongings she had in a single wagon and started to the home of her sister, Jane Hutchinson Crawford, 12 miles away, near the old Waxhaw Church in South Carolina, for a temporary home for herself and her boys. Taken ill before reaching her destination, she stopped at the log cabin of another sister, Peggy Hutchinson McKemey, just over on the North Carolina side, where Andrew Jackson was born on the night of March 15, 1767.

A log cabin, but the great hand of destiny had studded the sky of his horoscope above the cradle in that cabin with stars of immortality which later fell in showers around him to lighten the long, hard road of his journey. He grew up at his Uncle Crawford's home, went to Old Field Schools, and helped his mother work on the farm until 13, when partisan war broke in all its cruelty and fury on the settlement. He saw his eldest brother, Hugh, 17,

killed fighting for his country at Stono; entered with his brother Robert, saw Tarleton surprise and murder 113 of his neighbors and wound 150 more at the old Waxhaw Church, helped his mother nurse them, shouldered his musket at 14 years of age, and fought the invaders of his country at Hanging Rock; was captured with his brother Robert, ordered by a bullying, browbeating Hessian to black his boots, refused and defied him, when both boys were struck down with the Hessian's saber, Robert dying of the cut on his head and the smallpox; Andrew, with the same disease, nursed back to life by his mother, who in turn died of it and was buried in an unknown grave near Charleston, S. C.

When Andrew Jackson, major general of the United States Army, 34 years afterwards, stood on his impregnable breastworks below New Orleans, with his deadly Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen four lines deep behind it, and saw the flower of Britain's Napoleon conquerors coming so gamely but surely on into the trap of annihilation his military genius had set for them, he turned to an officer behind him, and these words came from his grim, set lips, this verdict of his Scotch-Irish Calvinism: "And now we'll give them a taste of Waxhaw!"

After the war he taught school, studied law under Hon. Spruce McKay in Salisbury, N. C., and when 21 years old followed the covered-wagon trail across the mountains into the western country of North Carolina, now the State of Tennessee, landing in Nashville in the fall of 1788. Here by his integrity, shrewdness, common sense, fearless courage, and resolute, iron will in 10 years he attained every office he asked for at the hands of the people: First Representative in Congress from Tennessee, 1796; Senator, 1797; judge of the superior court of law and equity, 1798; once again Senator, he voluntarily resigned as soon as he thought he had finished the work. He resigned more offices than were ever held by any citizen of the Republic.

As major general of Tennessee Militia (1802–1814) he turned the disastrous tide that had brought humiliation and defeat to America in the year 1813 by destroying the powerful Creek Nation of Indians, on whom the British relied to help them hold the southern

coast, and made possible the treaty of Ghent. But even before it was signed (December 24, 1814) he stopped the British General Keane's army of 3,000 seasoned soldiers—Napoleon war fighters—and drove them back in a night attack on an open plain with less than half Keane's force in a fight that has no parallel in history. Two weeks later he entirely routed and destroyed a veteran British army of twice his own force, led by Gen. Sir Edward M. Pakenham, their ablest general save Wellington, and drove them and their navy of 50 battleships, the same that had helped destroy and burn Washington four months before, into the sea. This battle, though won two weeks after the treaty, has in the light of more recent history proved to be the most brilliant and far-reaching in our own history. It has made over a century of peace between the English-speaking peoples, showing the folly of two great peoples with the same ideals, religion, and language fighting each other, and it assured us the integrity and possession of the Louisiana Purchase, comprising 14 of our great States.

Elected President in 1828 after the bitterest and most merciless campaign of slander and hate ever waged against any candidate for that high office—the first President of the plain people of America to enter the White House—he retired after eight years of strenuous work, but left to the people a heritage which is to-day the fixed tenets of the faith of the Republic; no autocracy of wealth; no dissolution of the Union; no privileges of power at the expense of the weak; and that established soundness in banks and money that has made possible the Federal reserve of to-day.

In history he has been persistently misrepresented by the ignorant or malicious as uncouth and unlettered, rough and ungentle. The reverse is the truth; his letters and papers are beyond criticism, with the fire of purpose in them. In character he was courteous, gentle, romantic, tender, and deeply religious, but unflinchingly stern when duty called.

He was the first gentleman of his rough day—his blood lines on both sides running to the old Kings of Scotland. Thomas Jefferson

said he had the finest manners of any Senator in the old Philadelphia Congress of 1797. His love affair with Rachel Donelson is the greatest, tenderest, and most devoted in all history. He was the knight-errant of every woman who knew him and both the Cæsar and the Sir Galahad of every man who called him friend. No other man in American history so completely and thoroughly accomplished everything of any kind he ever attempted. In spite of his long life of stern devotion to principle and duty, Thomas Benton says he found him in his old age with a child on one knee and a pet lamb on the other; and when he died at sunset on a beautiful Sabbath, June 8, 1845, his last words were to console his weeping servants around him with the positive assurance that they would meet him in heaven. And so, in the fullness of life and of every honor his people could bestow upon him, at the age of 78, childlike and lamblike, his great spirit went to his Maker.

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